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Volume CLXXI No. 2239 The SPHERE, London, December 19, 1942

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

FIRST PICTURES FROM THE TUNISIAN BATTLEFRONT: BRITISH SOLDIERS IN ACTION AGAINST THE AXIS AROUND THE TOWN OF MATEUR. Manning a Bren-gun outpost which has been dug into the hill-slope overlooking this strategic point in the north-east corner of Tunis

In this issue we publish some of the first pictures to be received from Tunisia showing the First Army in action around the two key-points of Mateur and Tebourba. Fighting between German and British forces in this area has been severe, as our troops set out to form their semi-circle of steel : now the line extends in a rough semi-circle, enclosing the north-east corner of the province. It is a country of rolling scrub-covered hills where the weather has proved quite unlike the popular conception of blue skies and sunny landscapes ! (*See also pp.* 356-7 *and pp.* 362-3)

Postage—Inland, 2d. ; Canada and Newfoundland, 1d. ; Elsewhere Abroad, 1½d.

A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 172

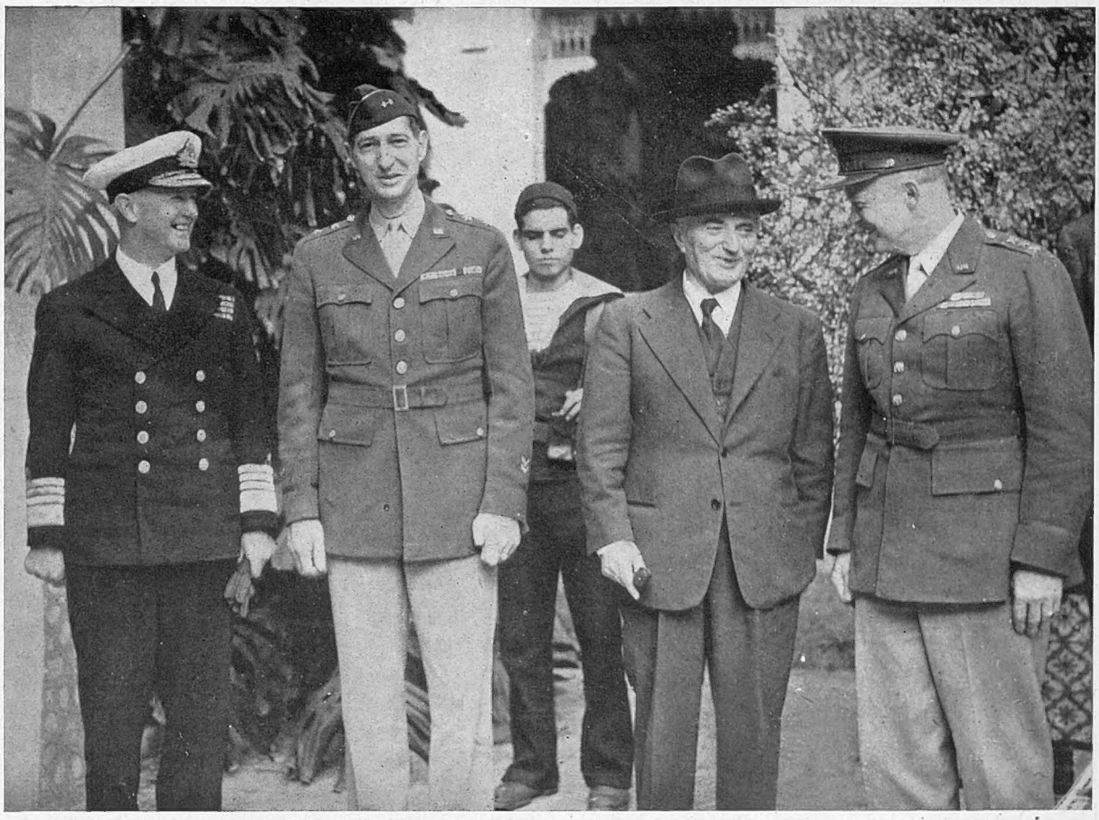
1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

The "Lull."—What may be true of most excess of luxuries is not true of the luxury of a banquet of good news, after long starvation.

"When every blessed thing you hold
Is made of silver or of gold . . .
You long for simple pewter."

We are temporarily back to the age of pewter, and we crave for more gold and silver. We feel we can't have enough of it. That's human nature, as it was an understandable instance of human nature on the part of General Montgomery (in his *veni, vidi* interview with reporters) to convey an impression that, with Rommel, it was all over bar the final end of the rout. Mr. Churchill put the thing in proper perspective and corrective. Any more good news in the next few weeks we must take as a bonus, not as a regular dividend. Tough times lie ahead against an enemy still confident, still fearfully tough. North Africa will yield its last Axis strongholds in due time, if we never relax for a moment. The massing of air support, the "reloading" period, takes time. There is no chance of finality until these processes are complete. Some of the same points apply to the Russian front. We need not yet react to pessimism and cite the hopes and disappointments of the Russian counter-offensives of the winter of 1941. The conditions are different. Great achievements have been made already. More will follow. The Germans will unquestionably have to yield ground, and many vital *points d'appui*. And this time there *is* a second front. Bitter as the fighting will be in North Africa and Russia, the Allies have the enemy's Panzers and air forces *where they want them*, to weaken and wear down, and that initiative is the only known victory-winner in total war. There is another piece of gold which warms *my* heart. It is the increasing proofs of the efficacy, precision and comparative cheapness of daylight raids on vital targets. Here there are no two opinions, no differing schools of thought. Daylight precision bombing has no critics, no doubters. The utter efficiency of the work, the very small percentage of error or waste of human life, inspire us all, even the "cranks," with enthusiasm and admiration. May night yield to day gradually in this sphere, as in the wider sphere of world war! The "lull" is an active lull. The pewter has silver streaks. The position of Darlan is a smudge on its surface. We are not fully, or even partially, informed. Let us hope, before these lines see print, that smudge may be cleared away. Meanwhile, let us abide in patience and abide in faith. The affair marches, along the road of our planning. A Roman road, up hill and down dale, and straight on.

Does It Pay?—At this stage of the war, it is borne in on me by many proofs that the right of fair criticism of the conduct of the war in its innumerable aspects is being constantly circumscribed not so much by sanctions as by the appeal to all citizens to show a united front, to prove to the world Britain's solidarity behind, and faith in, its leaders—in short, by the appeal to patriotism. Broadly, there can be no quarrel with that. United we are and united we must show ourselves to the world. Of most major aspects of the conduct of the war, the very best informed publicist, outside the circle of government, is too little informed to be able to speak critically. War strategy, military tactics, economic-warfare policy, diplomatic actions—all these, for example, are clearly beyond the publicist's range in criticism to-day. He knows too little of conditions and circumstances. But other subjects remain, and it is arguable that restriction on fair criticism may be carried too far from the best motives. There are general questions of policy and principle on which the man in the street has a right to express an opinion, and may even succeed in proving the existence of a majority opinion, or at least a strongly-held opinion, soundly based on human experience. One example I venture to cite affects our policy of propaganda. In a war such as this has become, it would hardly serve to base criticism of it on a question of good taste or even morality. An appeal to good taste or to morality, in this hectic hour, instantly suggests to the criticised a lack of virility in the critic, something less than 100 per cent. ruthlessness in the will to win. The example I will cite must be rigidly defined and narrowed down. It is this: Is our policy of jeering at the panic of the Italians under air bombardment a wise policy? Does it *pay*? Observe, I do not raise the question of whether it is in good taste. [It certainly isn't, by any standards of manners. But total war and dignity and decency in relations with enemy Governments and nations have long since been divorced *a mensa et toro*.] But does it *pay*?



ADMIRAL DARLAN MEETS GENERAL EISENHOWER AND ADMIRAL SIR ANDREW CUNNINGHAM IN ALGIERS. The Admiral, whose position was the subject of a secret debate in the House of Commons on December 10, is here seen with Admiral Cunningham, Lieut.-General Mark Clark and General Eisenhower (Commander-in-Chief). This picture was taken in Algiers following a conference on the conditions under which French North Africa was to come over to the United Nations

Aim of Our Propaganda to Italy.—It is clear as paint that our propaganda aims at detaching the Italian people from the Fascist yoke; we believed there was a hope of this, and we have been trying to get the Italians to revolt against the Duce and the German domination of Italy. As part of that policy of persuasion, statesmen and propagandists in Press and on radio and platforms have for many months dismissed the Italian people as militarily negligible, as frightened, panicky folk, likely to be still further weakened in morale by bombs and threats of bombing. We generously admit that they are a clever race, an "artistic" race, in the main a friendly, decent, civilised race. Has it paid our policy of persuasion to deny them courage and virility, whether or not they possess it? I think it clear that it has not done so. I can think of no race and no individual who has not always reacted to jeers at its courage or virility by a great, if tardy, effort to prove these virtues and to that end by a closing of its divided ranks. I have sometimes in the past ventured to assert (in days when I had more belief in the right of fair criticism) that air blitzes, so far from weakening enemy morale, have proved in this war very often prime cementers of national unity and resolve and stiffeners of courage and resistance. But the issue of bombing is outside my present argument. That argument is solely the soundness of this policy of jeering at the courage and virility of Italians. The evidence of the past few weeks leads me clearly to the opinion that it has had an effect the very opposite of what we desired and hoped. It seems to me our taunts have decidedly stiffened Italy's morale and closed her ranks in some small degree. Our policy certainly gave Mussolini a good chance and, being far cleverer and less crude than Hitler, he took that chance and, to do him credit, made some shrewd ripostes which served his purpose far better than ours. I have deliberately avoided the issue of good taste. The mudslinging match of personalities between leaders of contending states makes doleful war literature, Heaven knows; but that, no doubt, has gone too far to arrest, although we well know that dignity in international relations must return before we can win and keep the peace, after winning the war. The question of policy in this branch of our propaganda remains, and it is, I still think, a legitimate subject for fair criticism. Does it pay to jeer at the courage and virility of the Italians? I think not. I wonder if others think as I do. And if many think so, whether an effort could not be made to persuade our propaganda authorities to consider a revision?

The Eastern Sea-wall.—It is leaking. A few weeks ago it looked to me—and to Hitler—good for years against the worst the Russian waves and winds could do. To-day it is giving all along its hundreds of miles of length; and the dam-boy needs more and better wings than he possesses to accomplish the task of stuffing his fist into every gaping hole through which the Soviet waves are pouring. It is a miracle. A miracle on miracles. Stalingrad is a miracle. So was Moscow and Leningrad and Rostov. The vaunted intelligence services at Hitler's command knew to a nicety more than a year ago the state of Stalin's reserves. He had thrown his last man in. To-day, after the "crippling" losses of another year of warfare, of unexampled ferocity and destruction, Stalin's new armies, superbly equipped, are breaking through, where it suits them, along a thousand miles of front. We also must admit, with thankfulness and admiration, that Russia is a miracle and a mystery. And we may feel sober satisfaction with our own share in making this miracle possible. Assuredly, the dam-boy has been on the defensive this autumn. Canute's feet are wet and the winds and waves dare to question his commands and omnipotence. More than this, Dr. Goebbels' supplies of dry socks are running short.

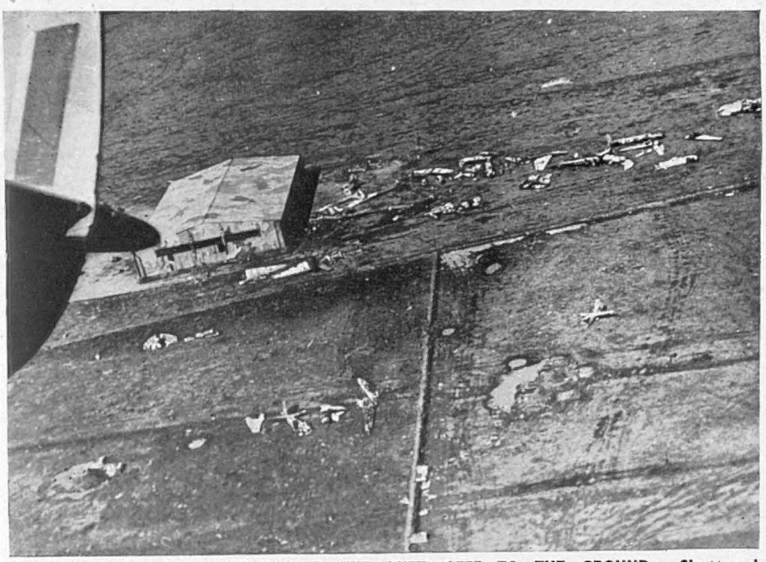
A Yank at . . . Balliol.—The news that American soldiers are to put in a brief course at Oxford, under University professors, covering the humanities and the laws and institutions of Britain, is heartening news of foresight and liberality, of great benefit to the future and peace of civilisation. This is a wartime Rhodes Trust, a great ideal not forgotten in the stress and fog of war. That mutual understanding of the traditions and aims of "two noble kinsmen" has yet a long road to travel to completeness, and until completeness of understanding is reached, there is no certainty of the completeness of post-war settlement and security and rebuilding. There cannot be enough of such exchanges of views. More and more Englishmen must study American ideals in American universities, and *vice versa*. Young and vigorous future leaders of American thought are already smashing away age-old barriers of prejudice and misunderstanding of Britain in contact with our infants, our ordinary men and women, our soldiers, sailors, airmen, business men and politicians. And we must do the same in contact with their people, missing no opportunity to that end. Rhodes foresaw this vital need in the bad old days—a prophet and a pioneer. Who knows where civilisation might stand to-day if his great scheme had been launched with its large scope ten times multiplied and its chief objective and design applied with ten times more concentration and assiduity?

THE OLD STAGER

The EIGHTH ARMY SWEEP THROUGH CYRENAICA

Official Pictures, Just Received in London, of the Events Preceding the Advance to El Agheila

COMING THROUGH THE CYRENAICAN "GREEN BELT": From Derna to Benghazi the country is green and fertile, and at this time of the year much rain falls. Instead of sand, the advancing Eighth Army vehicles had thick red mud to contend with, once they left the main road. The column of tanks and other vehicles seen above is passing an Italian map of Cyrenaica by the road-side—one of many "boosts" of Italian colonisation in that province. The rocky, scrub-covered hillocks are typical



THE ALLIED AIR OFFENSIVE PINNED THE LUFTWAFFE TO THE GROUND: Shattered German aircraft strewn around a hangar on Benina Airfield, near Benghazi: Enormous losses were inflicted during our sustained offensive against the Axis-occupied airfields in the Western Desert. Such was the constant hammering from the air that the *Luftwaffe* was literally pinned to the ground by the weight and intensity of the attacks. These two pictures show what happened at one German-held aerodrome: they may be taken as typical of what also occurred at many others during our advance

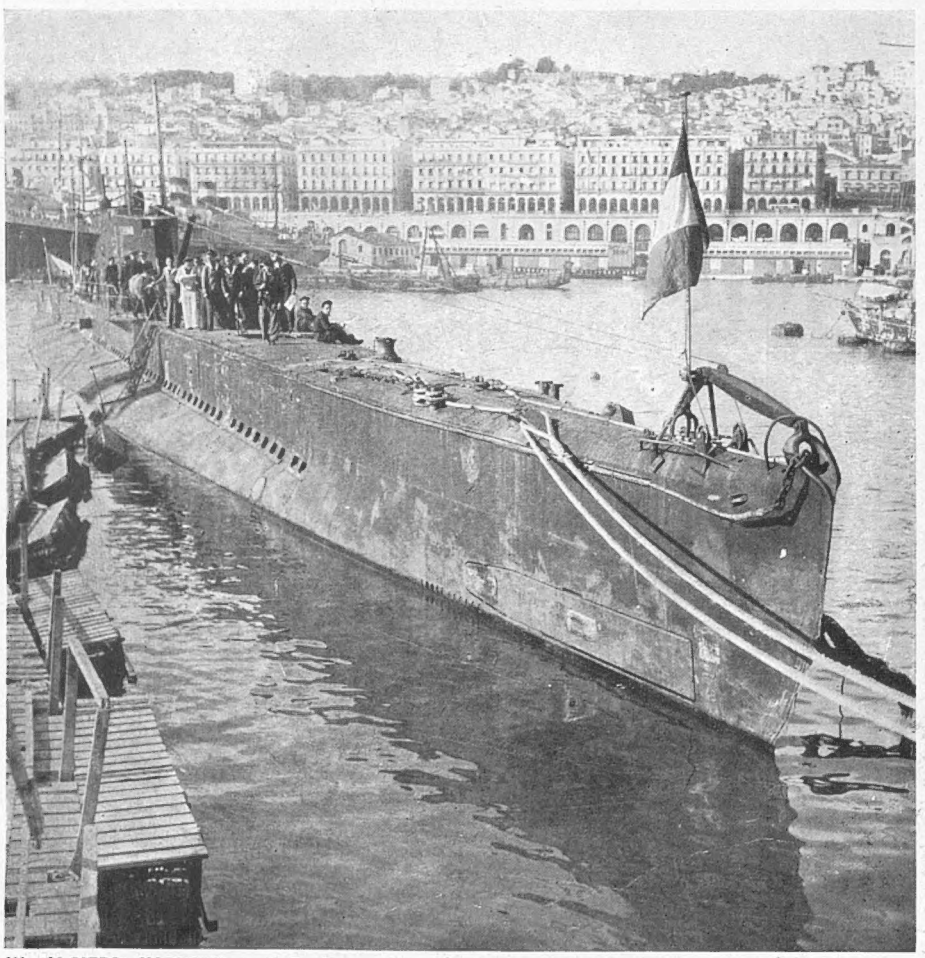
THREE BURNED-OUT HANGARS BESIDE A TREE-LINED ROAD ON BENINA AIRFIELD. The charred beams of a fourth hangar are seen in the foreground

SO FAST WAS THE ADVANCE AFTER THE RETREATING ENEMY that some British tanks ran out of petrol while their supply vehicles were still far in the rear. Outside Sidi Barrani, the R.A.F. came to the rescue of some Eighth Army "Honey" tanks, refuelling them with petrol from a bowser

AN AMMUNITION VESSEL IN THE HARBOUR OF SUNKEN SHIPS: Benghazi Harbour, blasted for months by Allied bombers, is full of wrecks. All kinds of ships lie beside the bomb-shattered wharves and in the Harbour, battered into twisted wreckage by the terrific Allied onslaught from the air. Some ships have been blown out of the water on to the quays. All around are piles of masonry and rubble where once stood warehouses full of Rommel's supplies. This stern of an ammunition vessel was blown clean away and forced up on to the Cathedral Mole by an R.A.F. bomb

FIRST PICTURES from the FIGHTING ZONE in NORTH AFRICA

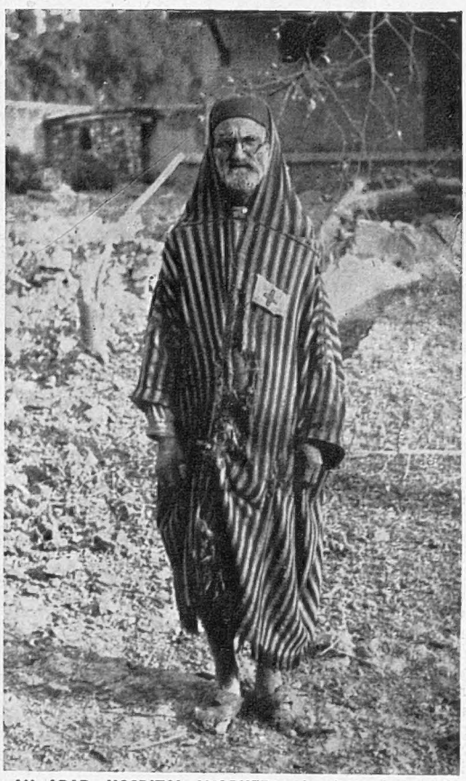
BREN-GUNNERS OF THE FIRST ARMY HOLDING A HILL-TOP POSITION NEAR MATEUR, IN TUNISIA, not far from positions held by the Germans. For protection from dive-bombers the British soldiers had dug shallow "fox-holes," from which they operated. The terrain is undulating and scrub-covered; and, so far, the weather has been anything but kind. Mateur has been a key-point around which much fighting has taken place



IN ALGIERS HARBOUR: A Toulon submarine, one of four to escape when the Germans rushed into the French naval base, arrives in North Africa after a dramatic dash. This vessel eluded Nazi traps, mines and aircraft

THE FRENCH BATTLESHIP "JEAN BART" UNDER REPAIR AT CASABLANCA. This vessel was damaged by U.S. shell fire, but it is now being repaired by the skilled French dock workers

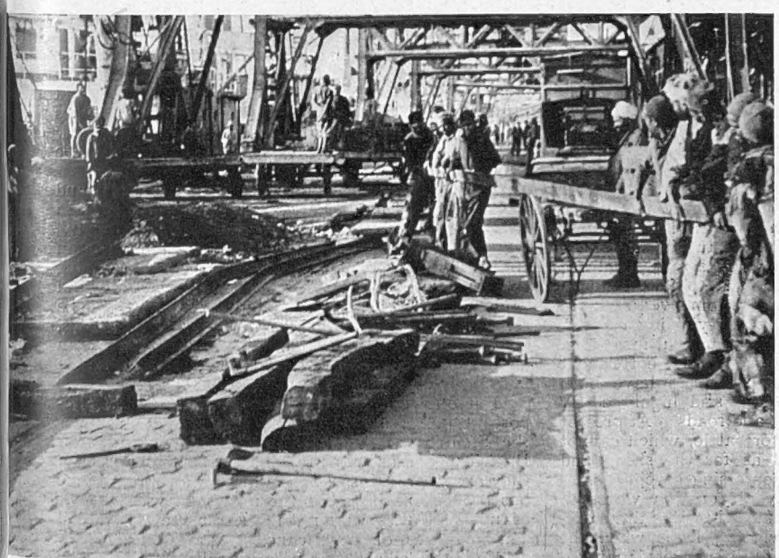
A KNOCKED-OUT GERMAN TANK BY THE ROAD-SIDE AT MATEUR. The front line in Tunisia extends in a semi-circle from Djedeida to Mateur : here the First Army has been engaged in very heavy fighting where the enemy has brought up considerable reinforcements



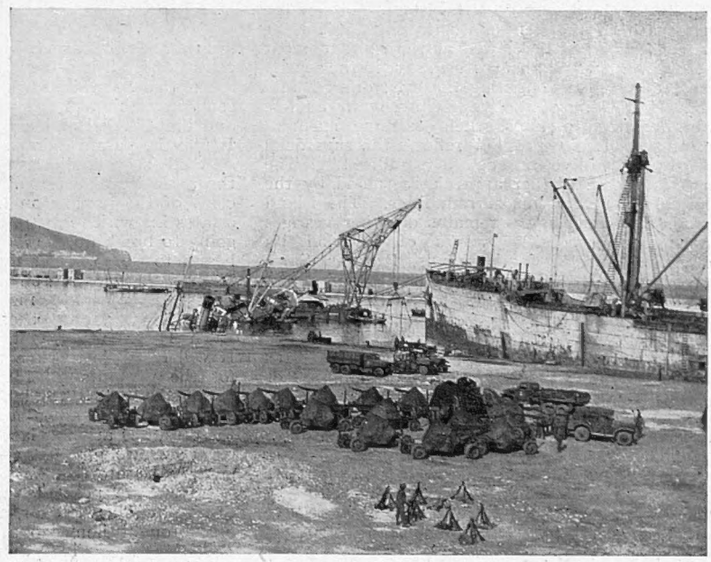
AN ARAB HOSPITAL WORKER who is assisting the British Red Cross at Tebourba, which lies about 33 kilometres west of Tunis

IN THE TOWN OF TEBOURBA, an important point on the Tunis railway, which has been the scene of heavy fighting. For a time it has been a no man's land, with German and British positions on opposite hill-slopes overlooking it

A GENERAL LEE TANK AT TEBOURBA moving up into action, followed by its supply lorry. There was a clash of armour around the town at one stage, and the Germans then withdrew



CASABLANCA HARBOUR IS RESTORED : Native labourers repairing the docks which were damaged by U.S. bombing attacks. It was here that a number of Vichy destroyers were severely strafed by American dive-bombers



VEHICLES AND SUPPLIES FOR THE FIRST ARMY being unloaded on the quays at Oran. Behind lie some of the wrecked shipping which U.S. engineers are now attempting to salvage

SICILY WOULD BE RIPE FRUIT

An Analysis of the Various Programmes for the Italian Island—Hitler's, Mussolini's and the Allies'. By FERDINAND TUOHY

IT is now two years since Sicilians woke up to find that the *Luftwaffe* had percolated in their midst. This was Hitler's instant answer to Wavell's triumph over Graziani at Sidi Barrani, and it was the immediate forerunner of the Afrika Korps. The Nazi move into Sicily at very first sign of Italian defaulting indicated a meditated pre-war plan. In Hitler's world dream Sicily had to be made sure of on three counts. As bow-window bastion in that *Mittelmeer* after which Germans had yearned for generations; as southern end of the vice holding Italy, the northern being the Brenner; and as eventual bridgehead for debouching into Africa once further holding back over the French African Empire should become unnecessary.

It is probably not excessive optimism to suggest that the third of these aims has gone with the sirocco that blows in these parts. But the usage of Sicily for blocking the Allies at the waistline of the Mediterranean and for keeping Italy corraled, has lost none of its significance for the Nazis. On the contrary, Sicily must now be additionally held in order to repel a likely first step in an Allied invasion of Southern Europe.

In fact, it looks to be a case of Front Line Sicily. Haughty Fascists would shout that Sicily has been in the front line ever since the Glorious Tenth of June loosed little Malta on the regime that stabbed France in the back; yet if we are to believe the Fascists themselves, R.A.F. raids on the three-cornered isle, Trinacria of antiquity, have not killed more than 100 or 200 people, with Catania as the principal casualty centre. The bombing has been directed at airfields, seaplane bases and harbours, with a rare power station thrown in. A teeming city like Palermo, such an easy target for creating panic, has been regularly avoided. Hitherto R.A.F. attacks have had two quite obvious aims: the safeguarding of Malta and the protection of shipping hazarding the Narrows. But those purely defensive days with respect to Sicily are over. The way the war is running, Sicily would appear to be clearly cut out as a cockpit.

I am reminded of an oration made by Mussolini in September 1937, on the occasion of some showy motorised manœuvres with two divisions round Porto Empedocle on the south coast. He brought along fifty correspondents, mostly in uniform, and at stopping-places in the sultry, barren and poverty-stricken interior he played variations on this theme: "Sicily ought to, and shall become one of the most fertile countries on earth. Sicily is so well defended on the land, at sea, and in the air, that it would be a nameless folly for anyone to try to invade her. One of the happiest epochs in her four thousand years of history now commences for her. From now onwards, the full energy of the State will be vigorously set to work in the interests of Sicily, which is the geographical centre of the Empire."

To what kind of a land, and people, did Mussolini make these promises? That was what I set out to discover on a railway journey almost round the island, and from Girgenti, in the south, across to Palermo, the only main line inland. My findings, such as they were, may not be without interest to-day inasmuch as the Fascist regime did practically nothing to redeem its promises. It neither had the money nor the intention. Cash was marked priority for the Spanish war and for the costly maintenance of the Empire, especially of Abyssinia. And the Fascists did not intend to give preference to Sicily over Italy proper, or to interfere with money-power in Sicily, as conspicuously represented in the *latifondia* or enormous agricultural estates, many carried on under absentee ownership.

Sicily can be a very deceitful island. Follow the tourist path by preference in springtime, and what a natural splendour! Viewed at the right moment the coastal country is unsurpassed, save in the south: a scented progress delighting the eye; oranges and lemons, figs, almonds, olives, vines, with endless flowers casting, perhaps, their extreme spell at Taormina. "Lucky people," reflects the superficial passer-by, "to live in such a paradise!" The tourist is put in further appreciative mood by the historical interest of his surroundings. The island abounds in archæological remains or other vestiges testifying to successive waves of invasion by Phœnicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Saracens, Normans, Spaniards, Germans, Angevins and French (from the standpoint of Sicily itself, the Greek and Norman descents were the most successful). To step down from lovely Monreale, high above "*la Città Felice*" (Palermo), and to visit the capital's catacombs with their many thousand mummies or skeletons, represents the gamut for the tourist.

Copiously advertised *Primavera Siciliana* has conquered countless visitors whose impressions have obscured another, more important Sicily—certainly more important for Anglo-American plans at this time. For an agricultural country Sicily is thickly populated—4,500,000—and too many have to live under semi-servile, primitive conditions of much deprivation and in harsh and bleak surroundings for long months in the year. These are the people for whom the non-stop American broadcasts will have appeal, if they are ever heard of. Twenty years of Fascism have done next to nothing for these lowly peasants. The Fascists themselves claimed that their main local achievements were in exterminating the Black Hand and in rebuilding earthquake ruin. The rest was promises. Promises to irrigate the land and redistribute it among the peasantry; promises to build roads and aqueducts, to stamp out the terrible mosquito, to tackle illiteracy, to market the island's produce and to raise the standard of living above the beans and cheese which are the staples for half the year in half the island. Promises which a wanton war rendered finally unrealisable.

When you leave the coast you first come upon plateaux of wheat and then to forest land only more forlorn. In springtime the uplands are still fresh enough after a winter rainfall of 20 ins., but throughout the long summer barely another 2 ins. are registered and the interior dries right up and becomes covered with a heavy dust. A terrible sterility, a desperate, parched state manifests itself under an African sun while the worst mosquitoes swarm and flies are thick on everything. In the centre of it all is a human Hades if ever there was one: the sulphur town of Caltanisetta, whose semi-naked miners are yellow from head to foot, and half-blinded and coughing minute by minute. It may be paradise down at Taormina. . . .

Sicily's economic law ordains that the bulk of the agricultural community forming 80 or 90 per cent. of the population has to work on the vast estates known as *latifondia*. Mussolini said he was going to break up the *latifondia*, and he may have begun to do so. But five years ago the bulk of Sicily's cultivatable soil belonged to fewer than a thousand proprietors, most of whom lived away in Rome, Naples, and other luxury-yielding centres. Even Palermo was not good enough for them. It will be futile to expect much social betterment for the peasants until vast expanses have been rendered fertile by a laborious and highly costly system of canals, aqueducts, and roads. At present these estates are no place for cattle, which cannot get adequate grazing, and as for the sheep and goats, they are the most depressing specimens.

Even the peasants haven't enough water to drink much of the year, a fact that was dramatically brought home to a visiting Duce when the *podestà* of one place thanked the great man for having accorded "the blessing of water, which we needed even as bread." But the very next townlet Mussolini motored into, he was greeted with a banner across the road, inscribed "Duce, give us water!" Up till then most of the money the Duce had directed to Sicily had been spent on developing airfields, harbours and fortified zones for purposes of aggression. He vaingloriously admitted as much during those manœuvres, adding, however, that the militarisation of Sicily, necessary for the expansion of the Empire, would bring spending in its wake. It is for the peasants to judge how much of that spending reached them. All along they have been the poorest, most neglected and miserable of Italian citizens, not excepting the Calabrians, whose lowly type they resemble.

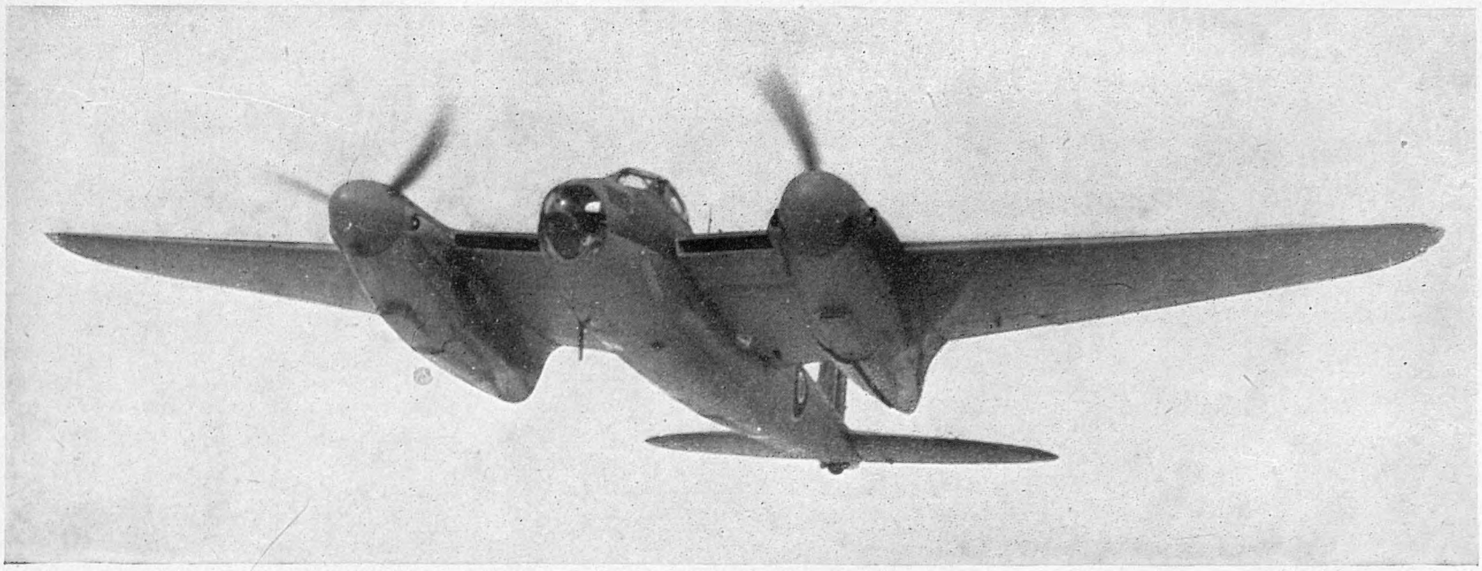
Those clustering thickly round the fertile north and east coasts are not in too bad case in normal times. The climate is bearable; there is life in a succession of ports and commercial centres; and Marsala wine, a big fishing industry (50,000 men), the canning of fruit and vegetables, citric-acid production, and the export of flowers and fresh fruit, serve to provide nourishment for lamentably large families. But the remainder of the population dotted through the interior and on the long south coast facing Tunisia, are in much worse situation. As for those inland, their habitat is most of the time a vast, sun-scorched steppe of limestone mountains, erosion and chaos everywhere, and the centre of the hell, those sulphur mines.

If the Allies decide to cross to Sicily, they will not have to bother about that interior which is void of military consequence save for one or two power stations controlling electricity and water, while communications over the limestone Hades would offer extreme difficulties. Presumably the places we should hear of, in what might well take severely after the German *tour de force* in Crete, would be the many air and naval bases.

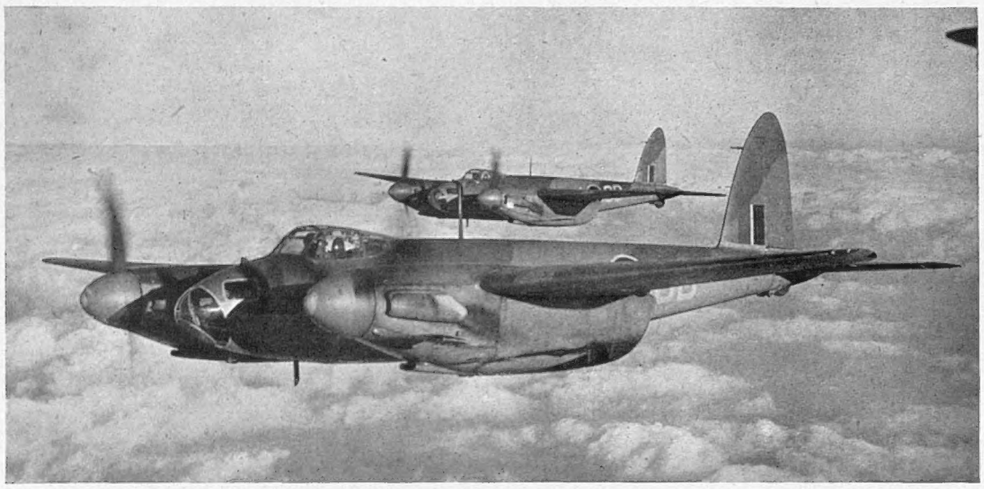
How they must all be seething with Nazi and Fascist forces in support of the Tunisian campaign and with an eye to a subsequent defence of Sicily! The enemy has spoken of converting Sicily into an enormous "Malta," and there is no use in denying that he has the (chiefly German) material and men, and that he is acquiring the time in which to render an assault on the essential coastal regions, an awfully hard nut to crack. Plastering by an air force having the whip hand seems to be an absolute prerequisite.

But once the Nazi defence is cracked at an important point, the rest might follow quickly. For the Sicilians are as ripe to admit American and British troops as was French North Africa; indeed, they are riper. Mussolini's militarisation programme has brought nothing but the misery of war to their island—as if they were not miserable enough before! The presence of Americans, in particular, would attract the Sicilians into friendly collaboration, since hardly a family in the island but must have an emigration link of some shape with "the Great Republic over the ocean."

PARATROOPS ARE BROUGHT ACROSS TO HELP ROMMEL IN TRIPOLITANIA: This picture comes from an enemy source: it purports to show Nazi paratroops arriving in the Libyan desert as reinforcements for Rommel's army. Apparently, the Naval and Air hazards involved in a sea crossing were too great for the Germans, so that troops had to be flown from Sicily and Greece and elsewhere



THE R.A.F.'S SUPER-SPEED "RECONNAISSANCE BOMBER" IN FLIGHT. One of the new pictures, just released by the Air Ministry, which shows the exceptionally clean lines of this twin-engined aircraft which has already taken part in successful daylight raids over enemy-occupied Europe



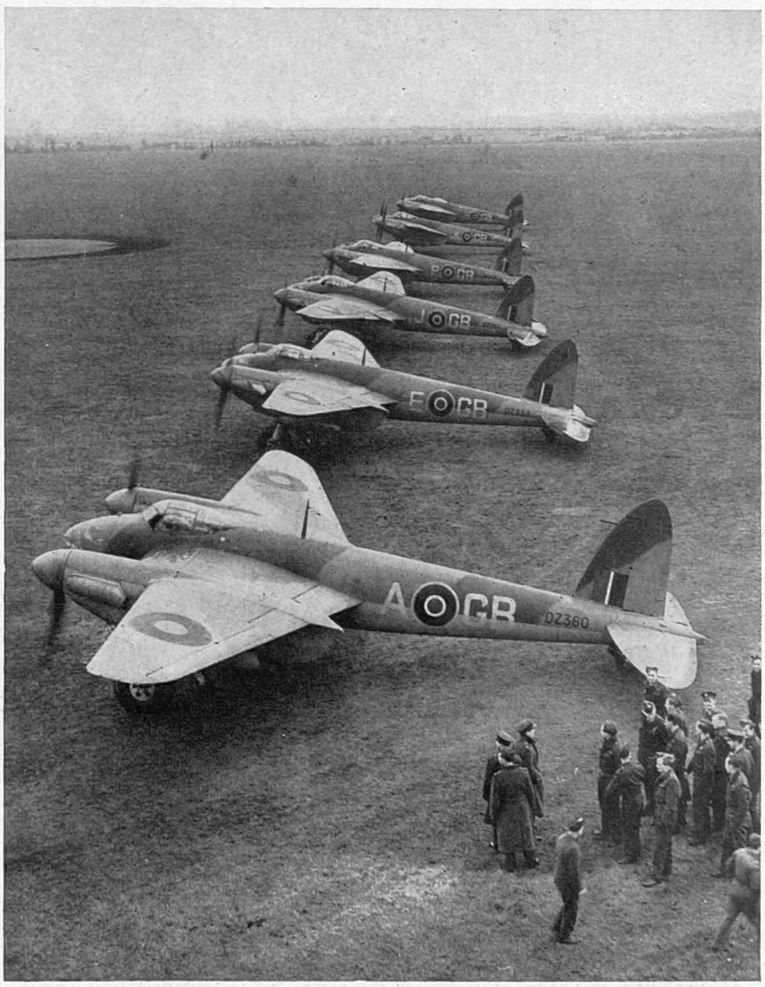
IN FLIGHT ABOVE THE CLOUDS: The pilot is seated in the cabin above; the bomb-aimer lies in the glass-fronted nose right forward

THE WORLD'S FASTEST BOMBER

New Pictures of the R.A.F.'s Mosquito

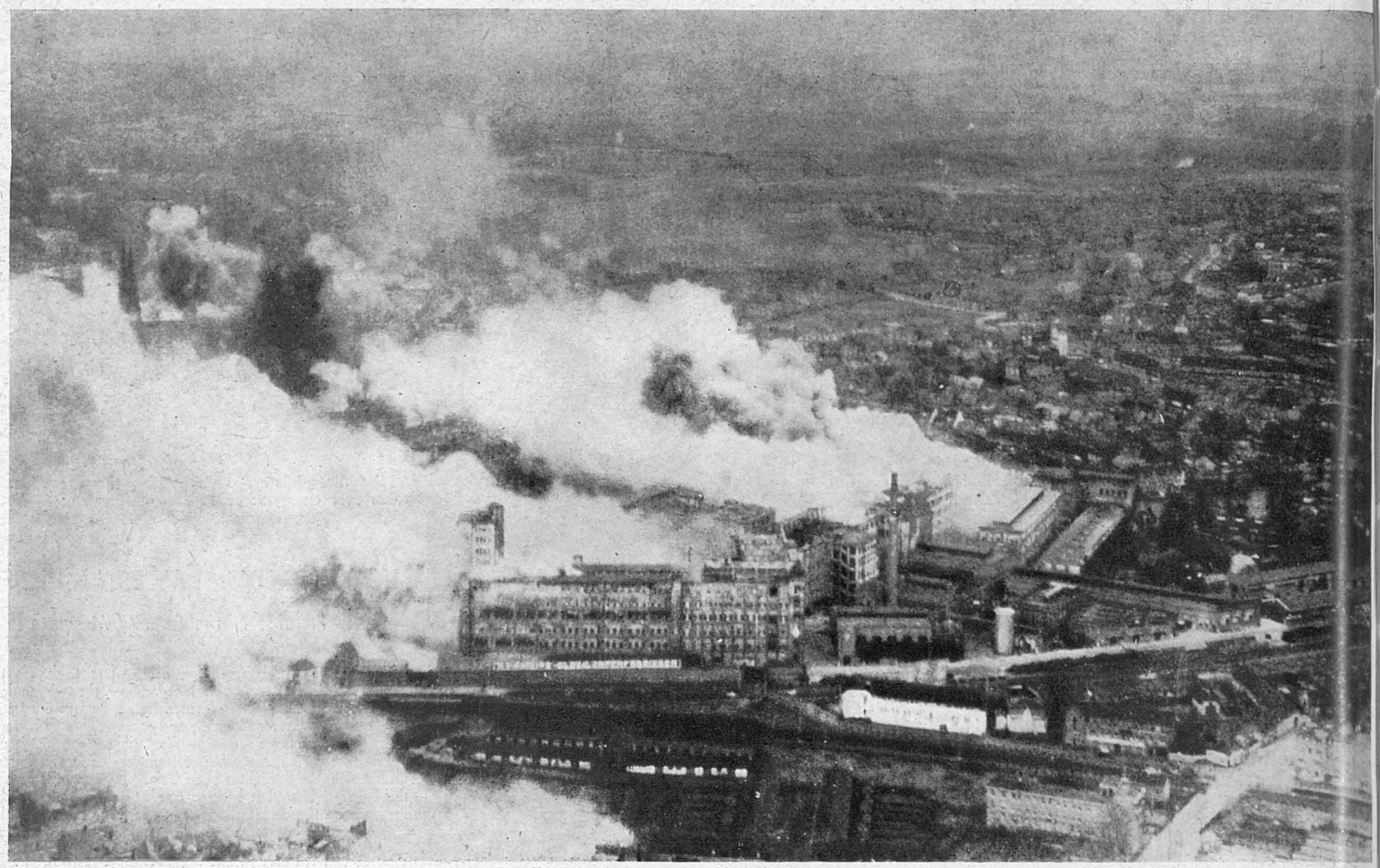
The fastest bomber operating in the war to-day is the R.A.F.'s latest reconnaissance-bomber, the twin-engined Mosquito. It has already demonstrated its capabilities in daylight air raids over Germany and enemy-occupied Europe. Making long-distance attacks without fighter escorts, it can outdistance enemy interceptor fighters—as was, indeed, instanced in the daylight raid on Oslo. It is a weapon which the enemy will find it hard to combat. Of simple wooden construction the de Havilland-built Mosquito has two Rolls-Royce engines. Its offensive armament may consist of four 20-mm. cannon and four ·303 machine guns. The undercarriage and tail-wheel units are retractable, and the bombs are stowed internally. It is 54 ft. in span, nearly 41 ft. in length, and 15 ft. 3 ins. in height

"BOMBING-UP" A MOSQUITO AT A BRITISH BASE: A picture which shows the calibre of the bombs carried by these aircraft. All of them are stowed internally in racks below the fuselage



THE LINES AND GENERAL PROFILE OF THE NEW MOSQUITO: Experts would say that these are almost perfect aerodynamically

The AIR INVASION of the CONTINENT: The Bomber Offensive by the R.A.F.



THE GREAT DAYLIGHT ATTACK ON THE PHILIPS WORKS AT EINDHOVEN, when nearly 100 light bombers wrecked the important Dutch radio-valve plant. The attack was extremely concentrated, the bombers unloading all their high-explosive and incendiary bombs within a few minutes of reaching the target area

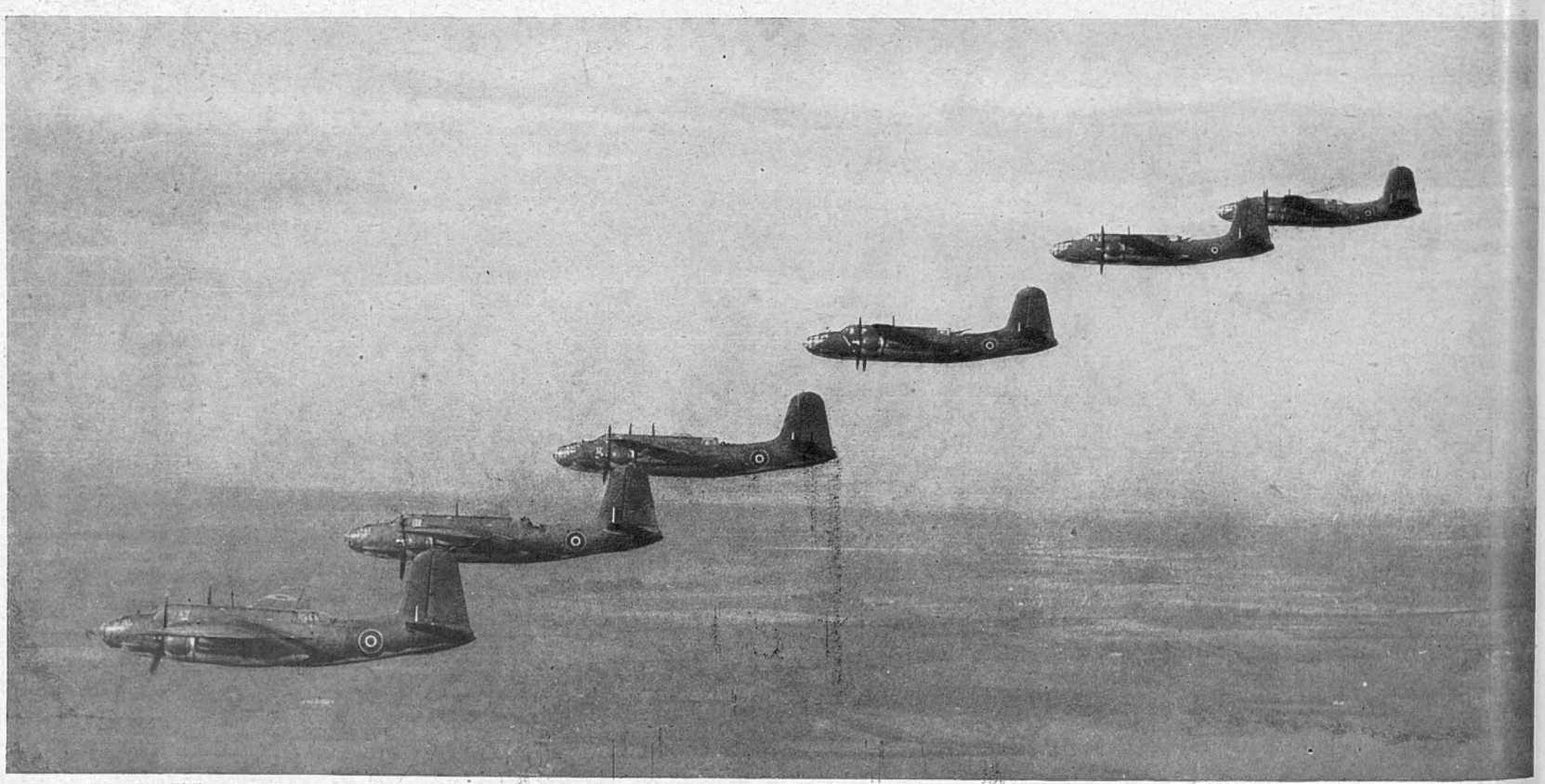
Soon after midday on December 6th, many squadrons of British light bombers attacked the German-controlled Philips wireless valve and radio works at Eindhoven, about sixty miles from the Dutch coast. This vital target was known to be well defended by heavy and light anti-aircraft guns placed round the works and on the factory roofs. But owing to the nature and position of the target there was only one way to attack it without risking casualties among Dutch civilians. This was in broad daylight and from a very low level.

The Eindhoven factory is the largest and most important plant for producing radio valves in Europe. It is really two factories, half a mile from each other, one outside the town and the other in a more built-up area. Both have been very active lately, employing more than 15,000 people, and the whole production goes to the German armed forces.

Reconnaissance was made immediately after the attack while explosions were still going on in the target area. The pilot reported that in the larger of the two blocks all the main buildings in the centre and to the east side of the target were a mass of fire, and that there were many smaller fires elsewhere in the target area. The other section, the one nearer to Eindhoven itself, was enveloped in smoke and flames and seemed to have been gutted throughout. It looked as if the roofs of all the big buildings had collapsed.

Though this is the smaller section of the factory, it is at least as important a target as the larger. It contained the lamp and valve assembly plant, the plant for producing the rare gases used in valves, and the electro-technical department. Much of this plant was of extreme delicacy and highly vulnerable to bombing.

The attack was made in several waves. The first waves carried high-explosive bombs. The aircraft came in low and then climbed to the minimum height from which it was safe to drop the high explosives. The last wave, coming in four minutes later, bombed from "zero feet," dropping incendiaries and high explosives with short delayed-action fuses.



A DAY RAID ON THE CONTINENT BEGINS: A squadron of Boston III aircraft of Bomber Command setting off for an attack on objectives in Occupied Territory. These versatile aircraft have been very successful during recent bombing operations

Shipping, docks, aerodromes, factories, railways and many other objectives are the daylight targets of the American-built Bostons operated by the Royal Air Force. Flying over the wide stretches of enemy-occupied territory, they are constantly hitting the Nazis where it hurts them most. These aircraft have been used with great success in many important operations over Europe; in Libya, too, they have been praised for their work in co-operation with the land forces during the Eighth Army's victorious advance across the desert—the A.O.C., in fact, has referred approvingly to the "Boston Tea Parties" in which their pilots have participated!

AT ALGIERS : A fierce barrage of anti-aircraft and tracer-bullet fire put up over the town and harbour during a night raid by Axis bombers. This fine night impression was taken by a member of the Army Film and Photographic Unit during the first air raid experienced by the North African capital : as a result of it some damage was caused by the bombers, but the casualties are reported to have been very slight

THE NEW BRITISH SPITFIRES SETTING OFF FOR A SWEEP ACROSS THE CHANNEL : Bigger, more powerful and swifter in operation than ever before, these well-tried fighters are now more than a match for the best that Germany can produce. Already they have met—and beaten—the F.W.190s with which the enemy thought to establish supremacy over the Continent. Whenever weather conditions permit, the Spitfires are to be seen roaring out over the south-eastern counties to shoot up objectives in Northern France. (*Further pictures dealing with the new Spitfire are given on p. 372 of this issue*)

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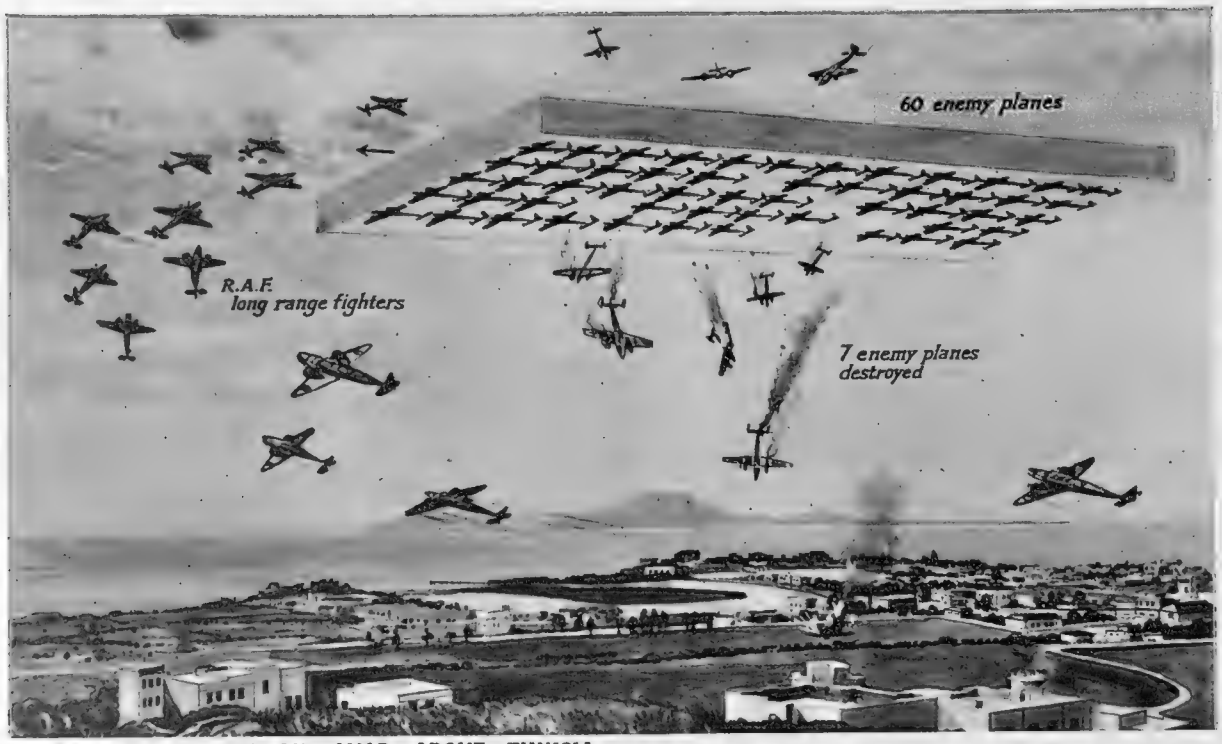
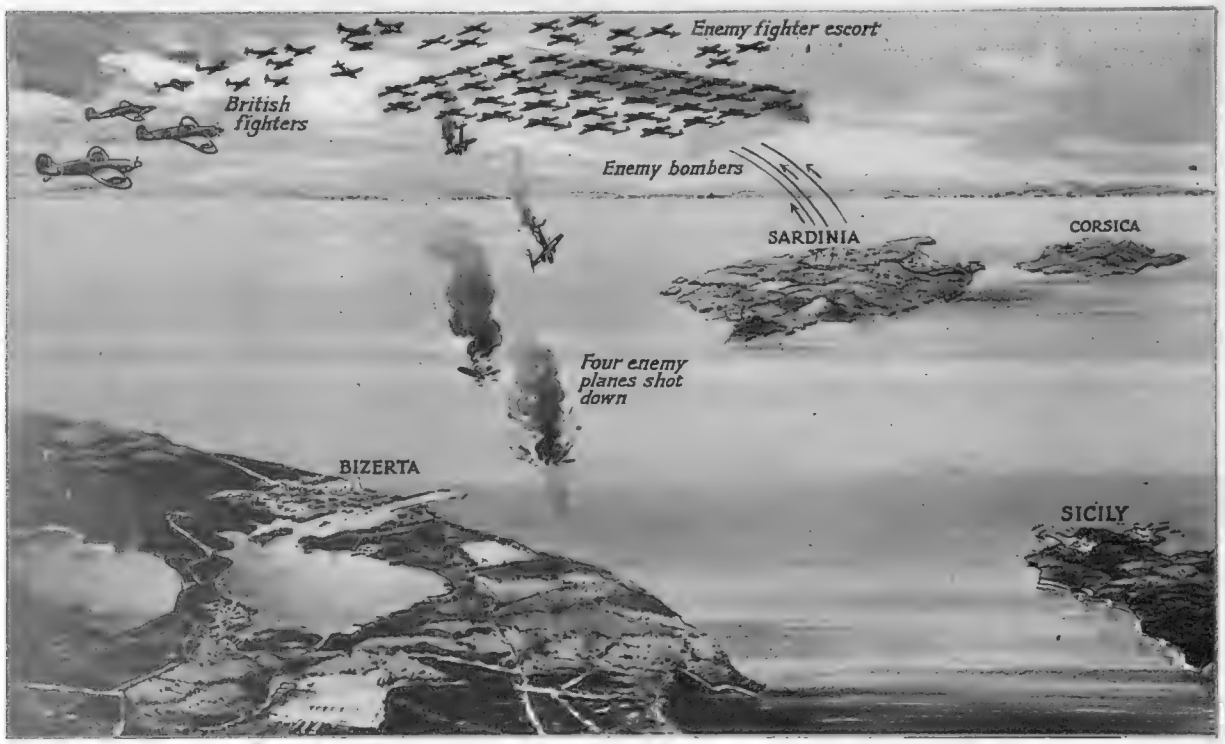
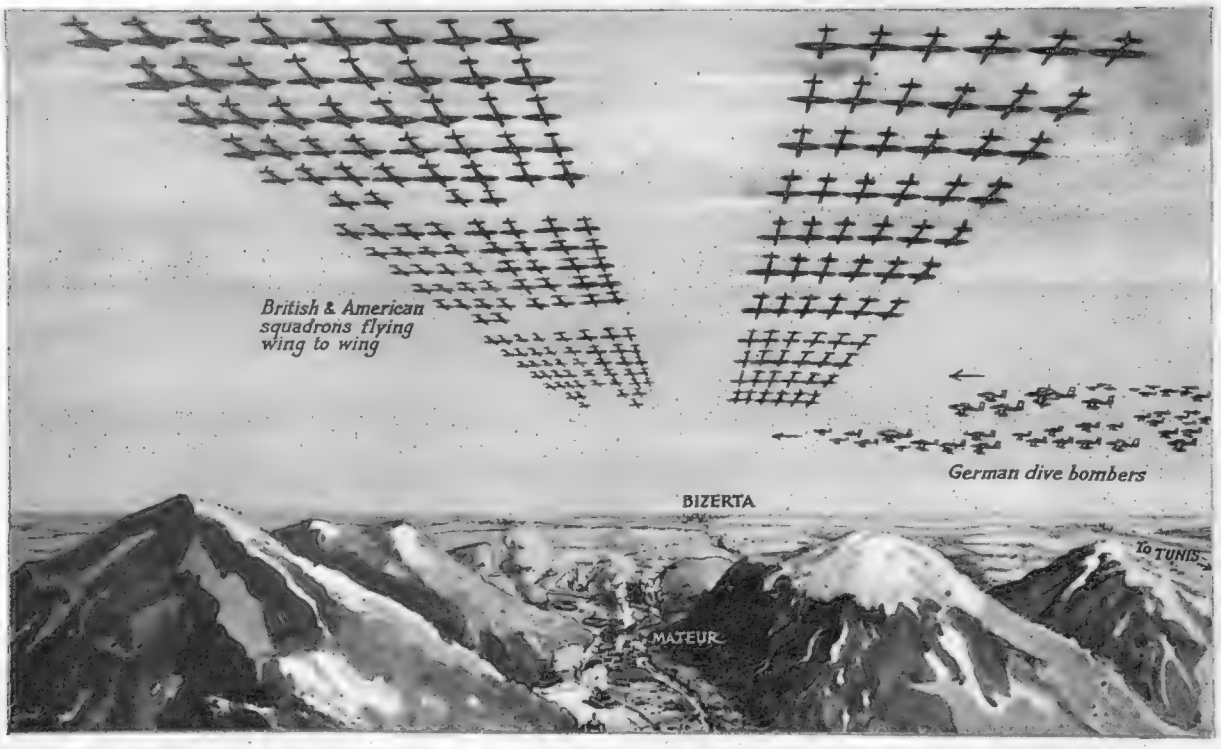


FIRST DAYS IN THE AIR WAR ABOVE TUNISIA: 1—An "armada" of sixty Axis aircraft flying northwards from North Africa towards Sicily is attacked by our long-range fighters; seven large enemy aircraft were destroyed and about six others were badly damaged



2—AN ATTEMPT BY THE LUFTWAFFE, made from air bases in Sardinia, to hinder the advance of our armoured columns is defeated by Spitfires. Five Axis bombers were shot down during this attempt to attack the advancing First Army



3—BRITISH AND AMERICAN SQUADRONS, "flying wing to wing," race out to fight the swarms of German dive-bombers which are on their way to attack the Allied columns advancing on Bizerta and Tunis (See notes in box on right)

THE FIRST ARMY IN TUNISIA

The Terrain over which They are Fighting; and the Vital Question of Air Superiority

—With Special Drawings and Diagrams

AFTER the landings by American and British forces on the North African coast, as an immediate retort the Germans seized on the two key-points of Bizerta and Tunis.

The Germans determined that the First Army was to be resisted. But, within the very first days, the latter had reached a point which brought them to within twelve or fifteen miles of the Tunisian capital. By forced marches through the deep valleys of Algeria and Western Tunis the Allies had, in fact, arrived at the region of the "triangle" formed by the strategic towns Mateur-Tebourba-Djedeida. British forward detachments had careered up the roads leading to Mateur and occupied that place; while a further advance was made by way of Tebourba and Djedeida (villages nestling amid olive groves), on the road towards the capital.

Then the enemy began to put up a stiffer resistance. What was at first thought to be a movement covering a German retirement proved, in fact, to be the initial challenge to the Allies. The Germans had been reinforced by the arrival of troops, tanks, guns and other equipment by sea and by air. They had, above all, brought over an air force of very considerable strength—sufficent to cause a halt in the Allied progress into Tunisia. Each day, by ships and by troop-carrying aircraft, fresh reinforcements poured into North Africa.

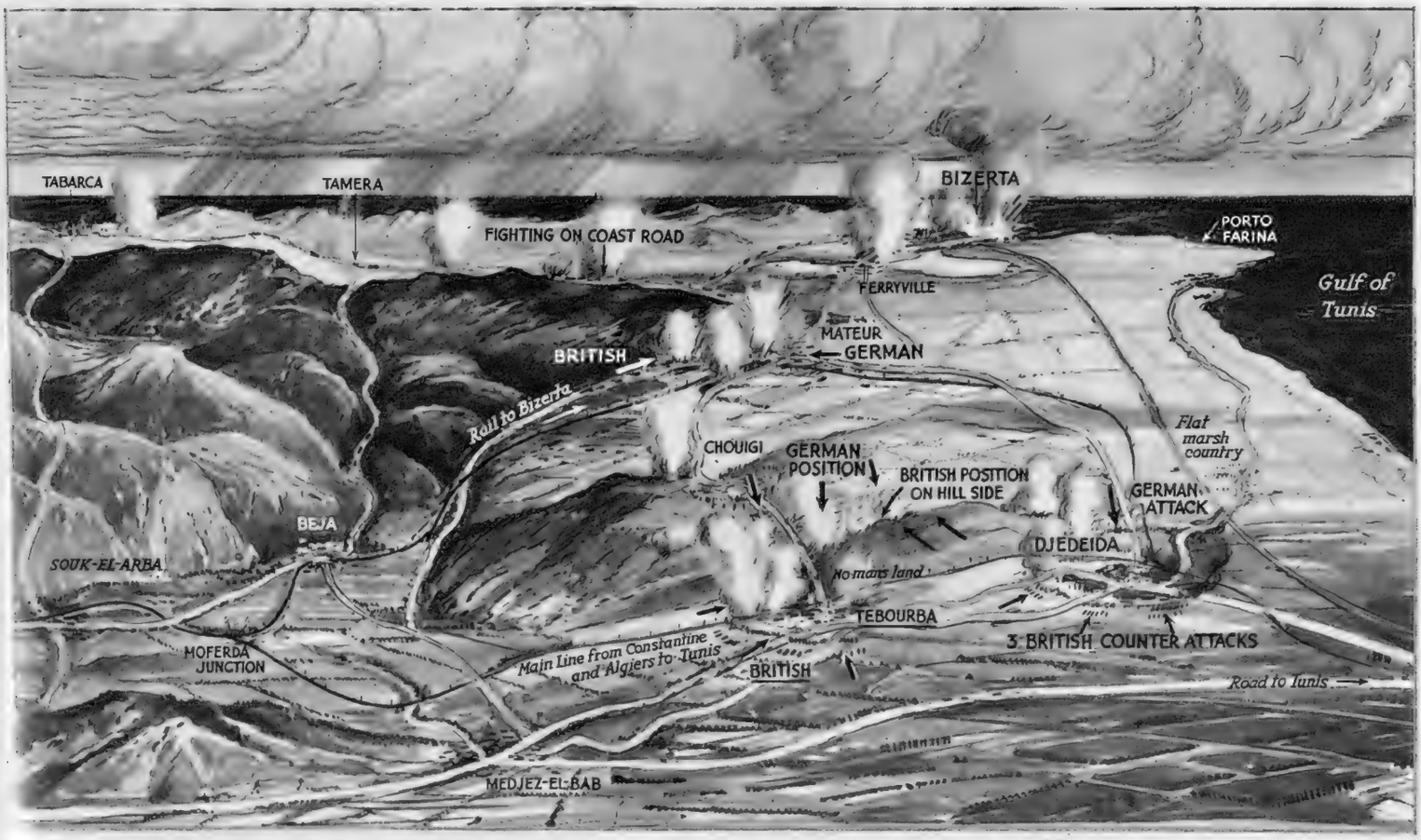
The Allies had nearly won the race to Bizerta and Tunis, but not quite. The halt was due to a temporary lack of British and American fighter planes over the battle area. This, in turn, was due to the lack of aerodromes at convenient distances immediately behind the fighting line. Bombers there were in plenty, and good work was performed by them: but the biggest need for an army in the field is a strong *fighter* force. The town of Mateur had to be abandoned. The village

***On left*—FOR A TIME THE ALLIED AIR FORCE WAS IN COMMAND OF THE SKIES ABOVE NORTH AFRICA**

During the past few days, reports have been received from Tunisia which go to indicate that the First Army has been suffering from a lack of fighter support in the air. This is doubtless due to the hurried reinforcements which the *Luftwaffe* had rushed from bases in Sardinia and Sicily. But it was not always thus!

The three pictures on the left indicate specific incidents reported from the battle area whilst the First Army was still advancing in Tunisia, and before the lack of advanced aerodromes made itself felt.

In the first picture our artist has depicted an incident which was given in the Cairo communiqué. On this occasion, our long-range fighters located and attacked a formation of about sixty Axis aircraft which was flying northwards towards Sicily: seven large aeroplanes were destroyed, and about six others were badly damaged. The second drawing illustrates what happened in the middle of November, when the *Luftwaffe* (operating from Sardinia) attempted to attack our armoured columns then advancing into Tunisia. Spitfires from the North African coast intercepted the bombers, and at least five of them were shot down. The third picture depicts a scene during the advance on Mateur. Armoured columns of the First Army were in danger of attack by German dive-bombers, when squadrons of British and American aircraft—"flying wing to wing," it was described—raced out to intercept the Axis swarms—with salutary effect!



WHERE THE BRITISH FIRST ARMY HAS BEEN FIGHTING THE HASTILY-REINFORCED GERMANS IN FRONT OF BIZERTA AND TUNIS. This pictorial diagram shows the Djedeida-Tebourba-Mateur triangle, where our rapid advance was slowed up owing to German fighter superiority in the air—*Drawing by Percy Home*

Tebourba became a no man's land of ruin, with the British Army digging itself into the hill-side overlooking the village; here the trenches protected the men, to a large extent, from the dive-bombing which ensued. And the chief scene of action then passed towards the village of Djedeida.

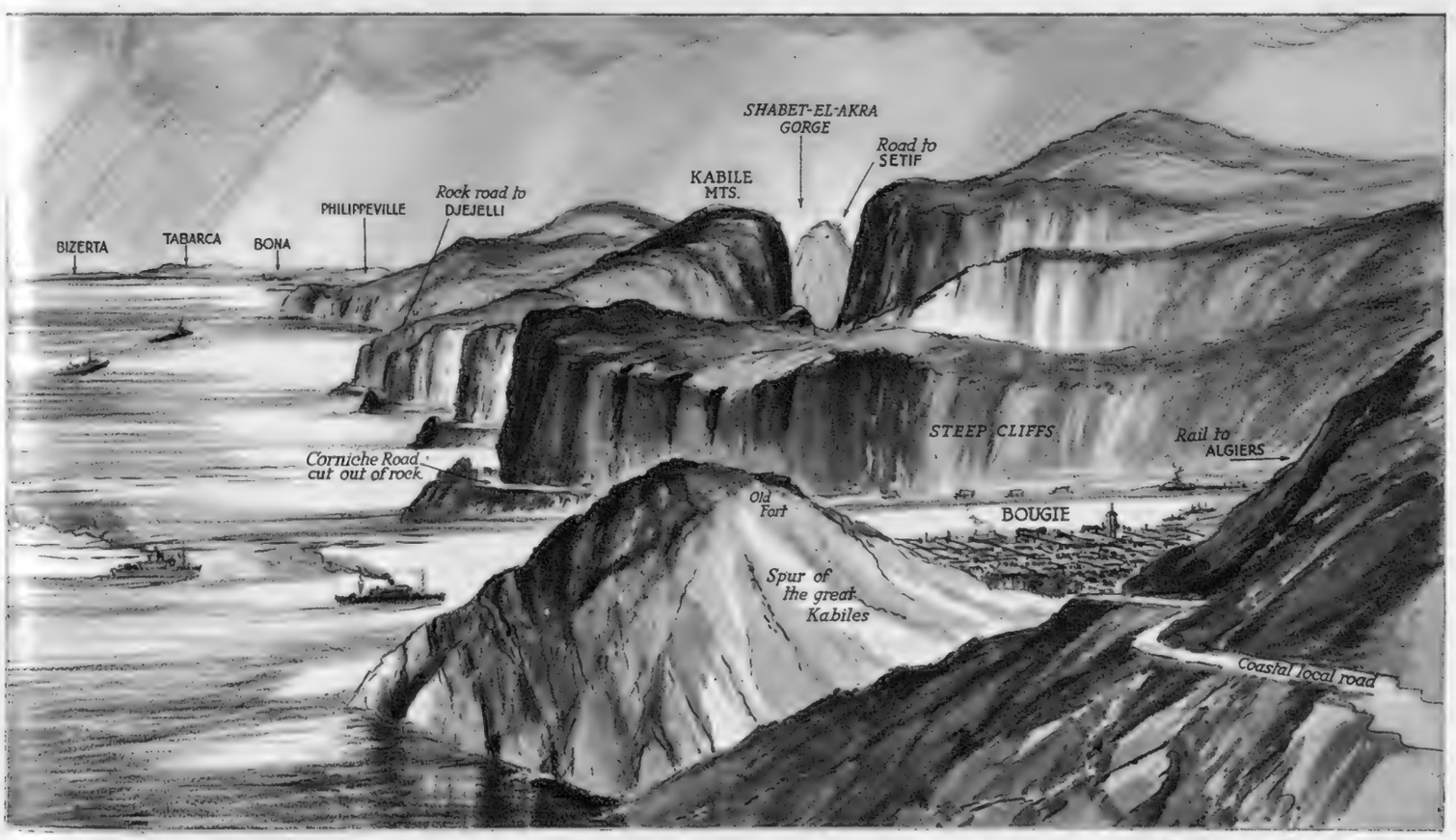
The latter was eventually occupied by the Germans, the roadways leading to it being littered with the vehicles and tanks of both contesting forces. As shown in the upper drawing on this page, the terrain over which the fighting has been taking place is, in the main, rolling, down-like country, resembling our own Lake District.

Behind this actual fighting zone in Western Tunisia there lies the area of hill and mountain which is depicted in the lower drawing. This presents a difficult problem to those charged with the control of the military supplies pouring eastwards.

The region shown in the drawing lies to the north of the main railway system which connects Algiers with Tunis. It has no through railway line to link port with port and town with town: the precipitous character of much of the rocky country prevents that. Roadways, however, link the northern areas together in a continuous route which keeps to the very margin of the sea in places and turns inland only where nature compels a deviation.

The section depicted has, in the immediate foreground, the old town of Bougie, which is largely Arab in character. The setting here is picturesque: the streets run steeply towards the closely surrounding hills; a bold headland, a spur of the Great Kabyle range, guards the entrance to the town's harbour; and an old fortress still crowns the hill. The railway connects the port with Algiers; but it is the roads which provide the chief means of transport from Bougie.

These are spectacular in character. The one which follows the shore towards Philippville and Bona has been cut out of the cliff-side. A still more spectacular one debouches to the south at a point about half-way to Djedjelli. Sometimes the rocks stand out as gigantic separate peaks. Here is to be found some of the most spectacular scenery of its kind in all Algeria.



THE NORTH AFRICAN COASTLINE IN TUNISIA: The rock-cut shore road from Bougie to Bizerta, which winds through the towns of Philippeville, Bona and Tabarca. Steep cliffs line the coast, and at the foot of these runs the road. There is no railway line to provide an easy means of supply—*Drawing by Percy Home*

THIS IS A BRITISH TROOP-CARRYING GLIDER TO WHICH THE NAME "HORSA" HAS BEEN GIVEN: It is one of two similar types (the other is known as the "Hotspur") equipped troops to wherever they are needed in battle. A pilot is seated behind the Perspex front panel; the undercarriage is of the now familiar "tricycle" This glider has been designed for towing behind a powered aircraft

TROOPS INTO BATTLE BY AIR

How the Airborne Divisions of the British Army are Trained, the Equipment They Carry, and the Special Gliders in which They are Transported to the Scene of Action

BRITISH airborne troops are officially designated as either parachute or air-landing units; the machines used for the latter may be either troop-carriers (usually bombers no longer considered absolutely suited for their purpose, such as the Whitley and the Anson), or gliders. Our parachute troops have already been in action in Europe (the destruction of a radio-location station at Bruneval), while parachute troops have been well to the fore in North Africa. Our glider troops are not yet known to have been in action anywhere, though the Germans used theirs extensively in Crete.

An airborne division actually includes both parachute and air-landing units, among whom will be found men from all branches of the service. The parachute troops, of course, are a separate corps, as also are the men of the Glider Pilot Regiment (an off-shoot of the Army Air Corps), who are distinguished by their maroon berets and Pegasus shoulder flash.

Our parachute men are flown in groups of ten in such machines as the Whitley, Wellington or Anson. The jump is made from a manhole in the fuselage floor, the parachute being released by a ripcord hitched to a hook inside the plane. As the falling parachutist "comes to the end of his tether," the jerk releases the 'chute. A second emergency device is provided which the parachutist can operate himself if need be. The drop is made from not more than 500 ft., often less. Equipment carried includes Sten guns and hand grenades, pigeons, radio, 3-in. trench mortars, anti-tank rifles, etc., the heavier weapons being dropped by separate 'chutes. Night or day operations come alike to the well-trained parachutist, who certainly earns his extra two shillings a day.

The types of glider so far released as being in our service (Hotspur and Horsa) appear to be capable of carrying a number of men, including the pilot. They may be towed by old biplane fighters, such as the Hector or Audax, or by a Whitley. One glider per plane seems the best rule, not because towing reduces speed (only by about 15 m.p.h.), but because air-currents make gliders sheer and bump about too much to have more than one on a towline. After cutting loose, distance of travel depends on the height from which the glide is started. Contrary to belief, gliders are *not* cheap. A twelve-seater would cost about £2,000—not so much less than a Spitfire. No mention has so far been made of any special British troop-carrying plane. About twenty men would probably be the capacity of an ex-bomber such as the Whitley. We know that the Americans have a good one in the Curtiss Commando, which can carry about thirty men, plus three "Jeeps." Some German

R.A.F. PILOTS AND AIRBORNE PILOTS synchronising their watches at briefing-time. Note the small-brimmed, "pudding" type of helmet worn by the airborne troops. On the easel to the left is a photographic picture of the area over which aircraft and gliders will soon be flying

used for the quick transport of fully-type; and the fuselage is wide and roomy.

Airborne troops have one of the most spectacular and daring jobs of the war. Their training, which is intensive, requires close co-operation between the Army and the R.A.F. Russia and Germany were the first to use airborne troops: it was not until 1940 that the study of parachute and glider-borne troops was begun in this country, following on the German successes in the Low Countries. The North African campaign has now given convincing proof of the efficiency of Allied airborne troops!

carriers are almost as large, but in troop-carrying by air there are obviously good reasons against putting too many eggs in one basket!

Patrick Hamilton

BRITISH AIRBORNE TROOPS ON THEIR WAY TO THE FRONT IN TUNISIA: A flight of big Douglas Dakota aircraft flying over typical North African scenery—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

In the North African campaign, for the first time in this war, transport planes have been used in good numbers by the First Army for the rapid conveyance of troops to the fighting areas around Tunis and Bizerta. The distance from the bases—Oran, Algiers, Bougie, etc.—has made it desirable to have troop-carriers available in such numbers that soldiers and their equipment can be carried across areas which do not present easy road conditions. In many cases, the roads wind and twist through the mountainous districts of the Eastern Atlas, where recent heavy rains have not helped in making communications easy. The enemy, too, have been using troop-carrying aircraft to reinforce their positions at the two keypoints which are the objectives of our attack

***On left*—GLIDER TROOPS EMPLANE INTO A "HORSA": These men are *not* parachutists. They will deplane in normal fashion after the specially-trained glider pilot has put his machine down at the selected spot. Note in this picture the huge size of the glider**

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AN ITALIAN DESTROYER (OF THE "TURBINE" CLASS OF 1,090 TONS) BEARS DOWN TO RAM THE SUBMARINE "PROTEUS," WHICH WAS CRUISING QUIETLY ON THE SU
immediately. The Italians claimed to have sunk the submarine, but the latter nevertheles

A British Submarine's Unique Exploit

H.M.S. "Proteus" Cuts Open the Hull of a Small Italian Destroyer "Just Like a Tin-opener"

—An Incident of the Naval War in the Mediterranean

A "Jolly Roger" flag, crowded with symbols of success, is the prized possession of H.M. Submarine *Proteus*, which recently returned to a British base after a year's service in the Mediterranean. The central emblem of this flag, a skull and crossbones, is surrounded by devices which represent many thrilling incidents. There are seven stars surrounding crossed gun-barrels for vessels sunk by gunfire; ten bars each representing an enemy supply ship or tanker believed to have been sunk by torpedoes; and one dagger to commemorate an exploit which must remain unrecorded for the present. The strangest device of all, however, is in the bottom left-hand corner of the flag. It is crossed tin-openers, indicating a feat so far unique in submarine history.

An Italian destroyer was about to ram the *Proteus* when, by an adroit turn, the submarine's commanding officer managed to take only a glancing blow, and the enemy was ripped open below the water-line by the sharp edge of the submarine's hydroplane. This is the story of that exploit, as told by the Engineer Officer, who has been in the *Proteus* for two years.

"We were cruising quietly on the surface at night when we sighted a silhouette which we took to be a U-boat. We went into action and fired first our

FACE AT NIGHT. As the submarine turned away, her hydroplane ripped through the plates of the destroyer: the submarine lost that hydroplane, but she dived s returned to her base without difficulty after her unique encounter!—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

stern and then our for'ard torpedoes at her," he said. "All the torpedoes were set at U-boat depth, but seemed to pass right under the target. Then we realised the reason for that, for suddenly the enemy turned to attack us, and we saw she was a small Italian destroyer."

By this time the Commanding Officer had ordered gun action, and the gun's crew were just leaping to their stations when they saw the enemy bearing down to ram. "But, at the crucial moment, the Commanding Officer ordered an evasive turn, and the destroyer caught us a glancing blow on the port bow. The forward hydroplanes were out for diving, and the port one cut through the plates of the destroyer just like a tin-opener." "We lost that hydroplane, but dived immediately afterwards and waited for the terrific hiding we thought would come from depth-charges. But nothing happened, and we could hear or detect nothing more of the enemy." After this the captain calmly broadcast to the crew: "A destroyer has tried to ram us, but apparently she came off worse than we did." The Italians claimed to have sunk the submarine, which was actually only slightly damaged, and was able to return to her base without difficulty. Running commentaries quietly given by their captain kept the ship's company fully in touch with events.

The *Proteus* is one of the largest class of British submarines; she was launched in July 1929, and was first commissioned in 1930. Most of her pre-war service was carried out on the China Station. She has sailed in all nearly 150,000 miles during her career, a great distance for a submarine. When war broke out she was patrolling in Far Eastern waters, but the past year's epic service has been done in the Mediterranean, where she has sailed more than 25,000 miles.

The *Proteus* carries a crew of more than fifty, and, in the opinion of her five officers, they are "a grand crowd and a fine team." As in all submarines patrolling in wartime, two-thirds of the crew never go on deck throughout a patrol. The little leisure they have is chiefly spent in sleeping and eating.

GONA VILLAGE, THE NORTHERNMOST POINT OF THE GONA-BUNA "TRIANGLE," IS no more than a cluster of tall coconut palms along the shore and a few simple thatched native huts among which the Japanese have set up a strong defensive position—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

AUSTRALIANS AND AMERICANS IN ACTION IN NEW GUINEA

Squeezing Out the Japs in the Gona-Buna Triangle on the Northern Coast of Papua

—*Special Sphere drawings*

On the northern shore of New Guinea, the Japanese invaders have now been driven back to a strip which forms a rough triangle. This runs from Gona down the coast to Buna, and inland to a maximum depth of eight miles. Gradually, the Japs are being squeezed back to the sea—one force, solely composed of Australians, is advancing from the north and west on Gona; another, of Australians and Americans combined, is moving up north-eastwards in the centre; and a third, of Americans alone, is advancing northwards on Buna. All three forces are converging, and driving the Japs slowly before them, despite reinforcements brought by sea. Gona itself is bordered on the north-east by the sea, on the west by a small creek, on the south by a fringe of timber, and on the east by a shoulder of high grass so typical of the Papuan coastal belt. The country is dead flat: Gona village itself is no more than a cluster of tall coconut palms along the shore and a few simple thatched native huts, among which the Japanese have set up a strong defensive position into which we have been unable to break. Above the thatched roofs of the huts in Gona village our men can still see the white cross of the Anglican mission. The Japanese are well and deeply dug in: their trenches lie at the foot of the trees, and the fire of their snipers covers the beach—so that the Australians, harassed by the ever-present mosquitoes, dare not plunge into the tempting ocean which looks so inviting! In our own lines, the men lie in shallow trenches with no protection from the blazing sun. Mortars have played a large part in the operations so far

THE LOYALTY OF THE PAPUAN NATIVES ON THE AUSTRALIAN LINE OF ADVANCE TO BUNA: They have declared themselves anxious to assist the troops, and they have been acting as stretcher-bearers, carrying the wounded with the greatest care over difficult stretches of jungle trail (*See notes at right*)—*Drawing by E. Byatt*

On left—

The natives of Papua and New Guinea have won high tributes from Australian officers for their work as carriers and stretcher-bearers. They have been described as loyal workers, untiring and willing, and most patient and efficient when conveying the wounded over the Owen Stanley Mountains by the long and difficult jungle trails. These sturdy dark men, with their huge mops of fuzzy hair, have been employed recently as soldiers, police and carriers. At the beginning of the war, a native infantry battalion was formed, led by white officers. It is not known whether this battalion took an active part in the fighting, but a native sergeant a few weeks ago arrived at Port Moresby with his sleeves covered with stripes and other badges taken from the uniforms of twenty-six Japanese soldiers whom he claimed to have killed. As carriers bringing supplies to the front-line troops along the narrow trails, up and down steep, precipitous mountain edges, through thick jungle and cloying mud, these natives have proved themselves invaluable. Over their work as stretcher-bearers, the Army doctors are full of praise. The careful way in which they work, bearing their human burdens with infinite care, going on day after day, up and down steep paths difficult to manage alone, surprised—and delighted—the doctors. All the Papuans, though often attacking one another, are united in their hatred of the Japanese! The latter forced them to become carriers, but were so cruel, enforcing every order with the bayonet, that many of the natives deserted

THE CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH AUSTRALIAN AND AMERICAN TROOPS HAVE BEEN ADVANCING TO THE ASSAULT OF BUNA : Waist-deep through the swamps in an area of low tropical jungle, where the only approaches are over causeways and where heat hazes limit the vision—*Drawing by E. Byatt*

The narrow strip held along the coast by the Japs is an area of low tropical jungle interspersed with swamps and tidal creeks which make movement difficult. The swamps are armpit-deep, and the only approaches are over causeways. The Japanese had time to prepare their positions, and they have done so with cunning : most of their defensive positions are overgrown by thick grass and are largely invisible from both air and ground. Owing to the poor visibility, arising from the constant haze, the enemy have been able to land reinforcements at a time when air reconnaissance is impossible. Progress over the last few remaining miles is necessarily slow owing to the cunning of the defenders, and the strength of their strong-points and also owing to the Jap demonstration of how difficult it can be to take a position when the defenders are prepared to die to the last man !

THE ADVANCE ALONG THE ROAD TO BUNA : Australian and American troops knocked out two Japanese tanks which came forward in a vain attempt to fight a rear-guard action and hold up the advance of the Allies. The tanks were but lightly armed, evidently built from scrap-iron collected in the U.S. before the opening of the war. Opposed by machine-guns and light anti-tank guns, the vehicles were soon knocked out. This incident occurred during the advance from Kokoda, after the latter Jap stronghold in the Owen Stanley Mountains had been captured by the Australians—*Drawing by E. Byatt*

THE WAR BY AIR

Aspects of the Aerial Struggle in Various Theatres of War Depicted by Sphere Artists

THE AIR WAR IN THE PACIFIC : An attack by a U.S. Flying Fortress on a Japanese destroyer off Normanby Island, at the east end of New Guinea—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

The drawing reproduced here was made from photographic material received in this office : it shows how one of the powerfully-armed Flying Fortresses, operated from General MacArthur's base in Australia, dealt with a Jap destroyer encountered off one of the many Pacific islands lying off the New Guinea mainland. The vessel appears to be one of the Mutuki, Kamikaze, or Akikaze class—to judge from the unusual break between forecastle and bridge (a feature which is absent from British destroyers). The destroyer sought to escape ; but, soon after she was bombed, rafts and personnel were observed in the water, indicating that the vessel was probably on the point of sinking or else on fire. The four-engined Flying Fortress, operated on long-distance Pacific patrol, is now amongst the most powerful aircraft in the world

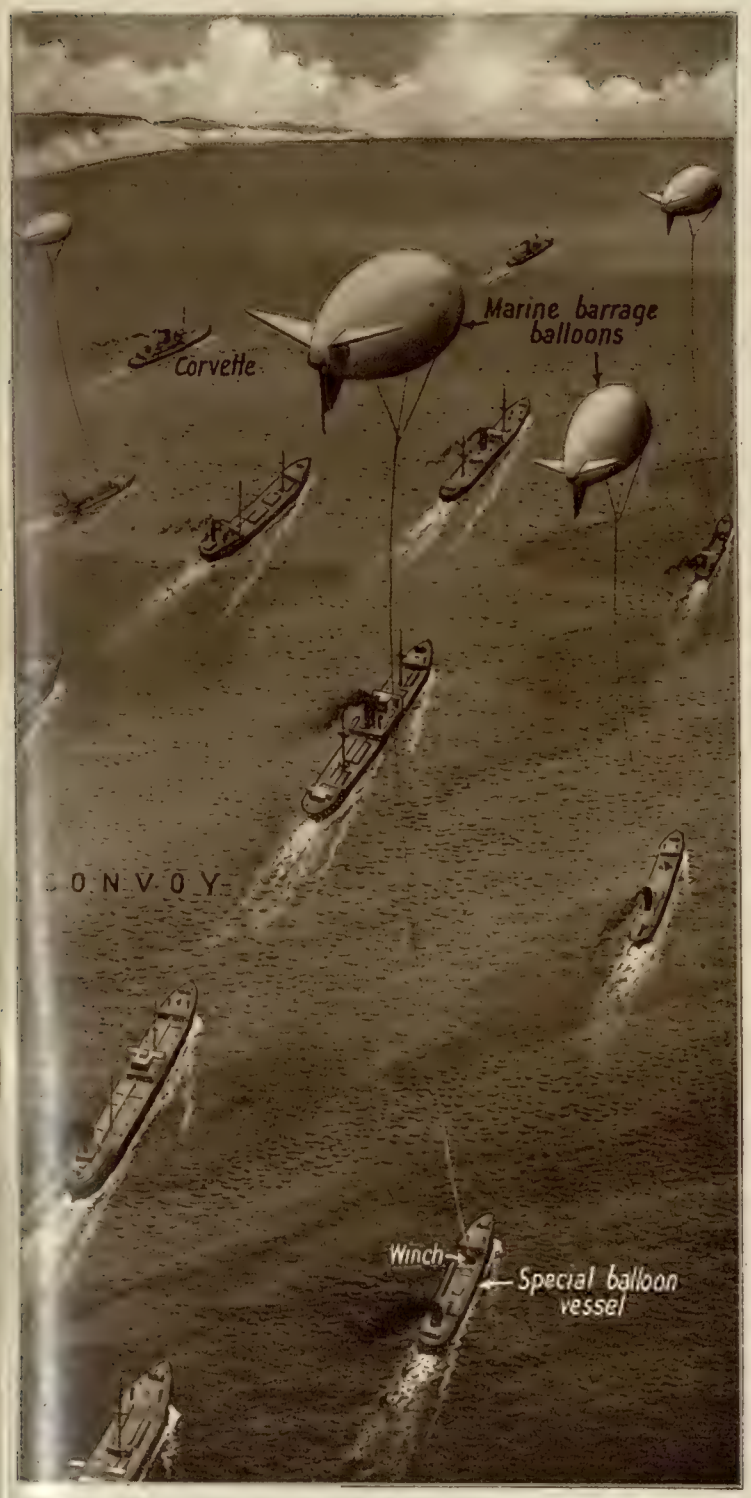
THE NEW AND IMPROVED SPITFIRE, showing the principal features whereby it differs from its predecessors

THE NEW SPITFIRE ENGAGES THE ENEMY over Cherbourg, when three Me.109s were encountered—*Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood*

The new Spitfire has fought its first battles over France—with great success. A Fighting French Squadron, on their first sortie, took on thirty F.W.190s and accounted for three of them in their first encounter. Hitherto the F.W.190 had been regarded as the world's fastest, but recently it was disclosed that the Spitfire had been improved by the use of a Rolls-Royce Merlin LXI engine, and by the substitution of a four-bladed propeller to cope with the consequent increased output of power. The upper drawing summarises the changes in appearance of the new aircraft ; whilst the lower drawing gives an impression of the new Spitfire in action against a group of Messerschmitts off the French coast near Cherbourg

IS THIS THE BIGGEST PLANE IN THE WORLD ? The huge six-motor Blohm and Voss 222 transport which was shot down recently in the Mediterranean—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

On left—Shot down by a New Zealand pilot, this colossal aircraft hit the water, bounced into the air, and was then swallowed up in the waters of the Mediterranean. It was a Blohm and Voss 222, a transport plane which is regarded as, probably, the biggest of its kind in the world. It has six engines, and is reputed to carry eighty fully-armed men. It is considerably bigger than a Halifax or Flying Fortress ; fully loaded it is reported to weigh about 45 tons. It has a top speed of 190 m.p.h. and probably cruises at about 150 m.p.h. : its range is about 4,500 miles



THE CHANNEL "MOBILE BALLOON BARRAGE" and how it operates in escorting the merchant convoys—*Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood*

For more than two years this Balloon Barrage Flotilla has been engaged in escorting convoys through the English Channel and the Straits of Dover, but little has hitherto been known of its work to the general public. The organisation consists of a number of small craft operated by the Royal Navy and equipped with balloons supplied and serviced by the R.A.F. In two years, the vessels attached to the Barrage have steamed a total of 227,000 miles, and have given protection to more than 3,000 merchant ships in convoy. They have been frequently attacked by bombs, shells and machine-guns, and all of them have been hit. Despite this, only one officer and one rating have been killed, and only one merchant ship has been lost through air attack. Most of the vessels have escorted well over 100 convoys, and one vessel has the fine record of thirty-four consecutive convoys escorted without a break. Some of the vessels are fishing craft which escaped from Northern France

A JAP AIRCRAFT FLOWN BY AN AMERICAN PILOT: This is a Japanese Zero fighter which was shot down with but slight damage in the Aleutian Islands. It now bears U.S. markings, and it is here seen undergoing tests by the American Naval authorities. Most of its fast, manœuvrable features are stated to have been copied from American aircraft; but its sacrifice of protective armour makes it highly vulnerable to the concentrated machine-gun and cannon fire of U.S. fighters

EXHAUST TRAILS: A Beaufighter leaving two distinct trails from its exhausts: these are caused by condensation and only become visible under certain atmospheric conditions. The trails cease when the aircraft dives down into lower and warmer altitudes

WING-TIP TRAILS. This is another form of trail-making: it is caused owing to a difference of air pressures at the wing-tips—*Drawings by L. Ashwell Wood*

There are two types of sky-trails which the observer on the ground may witness when high-flying aircraft are overhead and atmospheric conditions are right. These are shown in the two drawings above. The exhaust usually discharges an invisible vapour: when there is more invisible vapour in the atmosphere than can be accommodated, however, the exhaust vapours then condense and form "clouds" which extend back from the exhaust. When the plane emerges from the particular stratum in which these conditions obtain, the trails disappear. The second type is that formed by the wing-tips. On the under-surface there is low pressure, and on the upper surface a higher pressure: the air slides out towards the tips on the under-surface and in towards the centre on the upper: this causes a vortex at the wing-tips, with the air expanded in the middle of the vortex. This causes a decline of temperature which, in turn, can cause the "dew point" to be reached: condensation then takes place and the wing-tip trails appear

WHAT THE SPECTATOR ON THE GROUND SEES: Exhaust trails from high-flying aircraft witnessed over London during R.A.F. manœuvres over the City recently

ONE OF THE NAVY'S SHARPSHOOTERS—The second mate of a 2,000-tonner has a crack at an enemy bomber: "It was like this. The Jerry came in from astern, and I was on the lower bridge, my gun projecting through the steps of the ladder. The bomber was coming straight for me, so I filled the sights and let him have it, scoring hits on the nose. The Jerry turned and came back. I had altered my position by then, so I gave him another burst, registering hits this time under the plane. . . . I got him good and proper. He nose-dived into the sea. I think I shot the pilot"—(*See accompanying article*)—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

THE SHARPSHOOTERS OF THE NAVY

The Gunners of the Little Ships Who Have Been Shooting Down Enemy Aircraft at Sea for the Last Three Years

By H. J. McWHINNIE

"A SNEAK-RAIDER was shot down into the sea by naval anti-aircraft guns." That sentence in the news bulletins seems so minute in the midst of an avalanche of stirring news from the far-flung battle-fronts, that little attention is attracted to it. One more enemy aircraft shot down, has no real significance in the war perspective as a whole. The total brought down *is* important.

Out on the seas and the oceans there are thousands of naval men with itching trigger fingers hoping to "have a crack" with the pom-poms, the 12-pounders, the Lewis guns and the 600-rounds-a-minute Oerlikons. Many a stoker, cook or steward in some small naval craft has had the satisfaction of seeing an enemy plane at which he has fired crashing into the sea, or stumbling homewards, smoke pouring from her tail. These are the Navy's sharpshooters, men who will rush from their galleys, pantries, stokeholds and hammocks at the first hint of warning to "fire at Jerry."

There seems little doubt now that more, and better, anti-aircraft guns and efficiency, born of experience, of gunners aboard ship have reduced the number of close attacks enemy aircraft are prepared to make on British ships. Every freighter, from small craft to liners, carries naval gunners. They are called D.E.M.S.—Defensively Equipped Merchant Ships. The D.E.M.S. of the merchant ships and the gunners of the escorting warships can put up to-day a terrific barrage when enemy aircraft approach.

TWO OFFICERS on the bridge of an escort ship during a passage with a convoy through an area infested with German warplanes

It is known that there are more than 15,000 D.E.M.S. and more than 10,000 men of the Maritime Regiment sailing with the freighters to-day. They have scored many successes — successes running into hundreds —against German and Italian aircraft out on the high seas. But the exact number they have shot down is not available for publication.

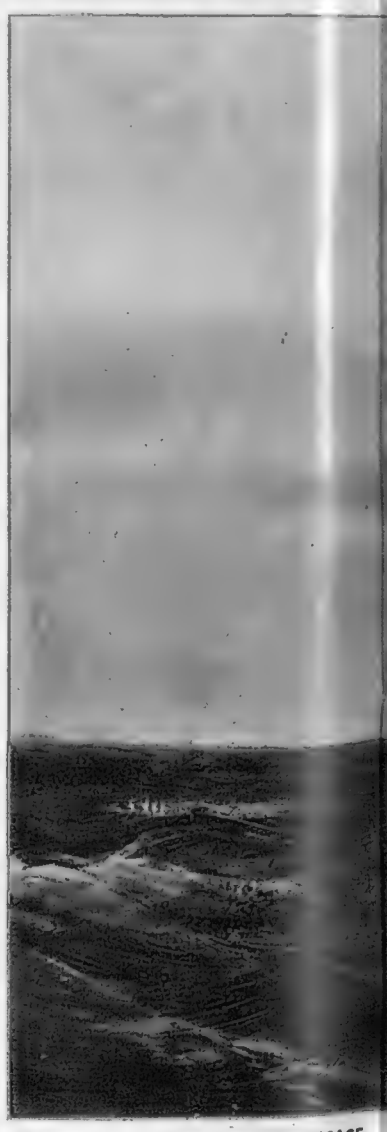
At a guess I would say that the figure is something in the neighbourhood of 1,000 planes shot down or damaged by the guns of warships and merchant ships. My basis for that estimate is that more than a year ago it was revealed that in just under two years of war more than 1,000 enemy aircraft were destroyed or damaged by ship's gunfire, or by naval aircraft. Of these 537 were shot down into the sea. The damaged numbered 581, of which 203 were probably destroyed, although not actually seen to crash. Gunfire from warships accounted for 348, of which 73 fell to the guns of minesweepers, trawlers and other small craft.

In the past year great strides have been made in fitting the merchant ships with anti-aircraft gunpower, and during our big North African swoop, those merchant ships put up a devastating barrage against the enemy aircraft which attempted to impede their passage. With such big-scale developments the number of planes shot down by warships must have made a big jump over the 348 figure, apart altogether from what the freighters have done.

Touring the ports of Britain during the past few weeks, I have heard some stirring stories about small ships fighting bombers. On board a minesweeper I heard the captain telling his officer of the base what had happened on the patrol from which he had just returned. "We only sighted a single Dornier, Sir," he said. "I have never seen a Dornier quite so nervous. He came through a break in the cloud, and we seemed to sight each other simultaneously. Before the sound of our alarm had died away, and we were waiting for him to come at us, he jettisoned his bombs. We realised the fight was off. He had ratted. His bombs dropped harmlessly a mile away and he made for home. We didn't have a chance to get near him."

Here is one of the reports of a small ship action against a German bomber. She was a 1,700-ton coaster being attacked from the air. The captain fired a rocket which caused the plane to swerve, and the direct hits the German airmen hoped for, were misses. The coaster's second mate and bosun went into action with their machine-guns. The D.E.M.S. rating succeeded in getting one round away as the gun's crew was racing to action. The captain could not get a spent cartridge from the breech, so he dashed to the galley for a poker, removed the cartridge,

OUT IN THE NORTH SEA, on board a mine-sweeping trawler. The Lewis-gun crew at the ready, when an unidentified aircraft is sighted by the look-outs



TYPICAL OF SCORES OF SUCH ENGAGE Heinkel bomber with her forward in minesweeping, on escort or Heinkel

THE 4·7-IN. GUN AT THE STERN OF A 9,000-TON TANKER: The crew were cleaning their big weapon as the convoy reached safer waters during the last lap of its voyage home from the U.S. Note the outgoing convoy in the background

loaded up, and, as the plane came in again, fired.

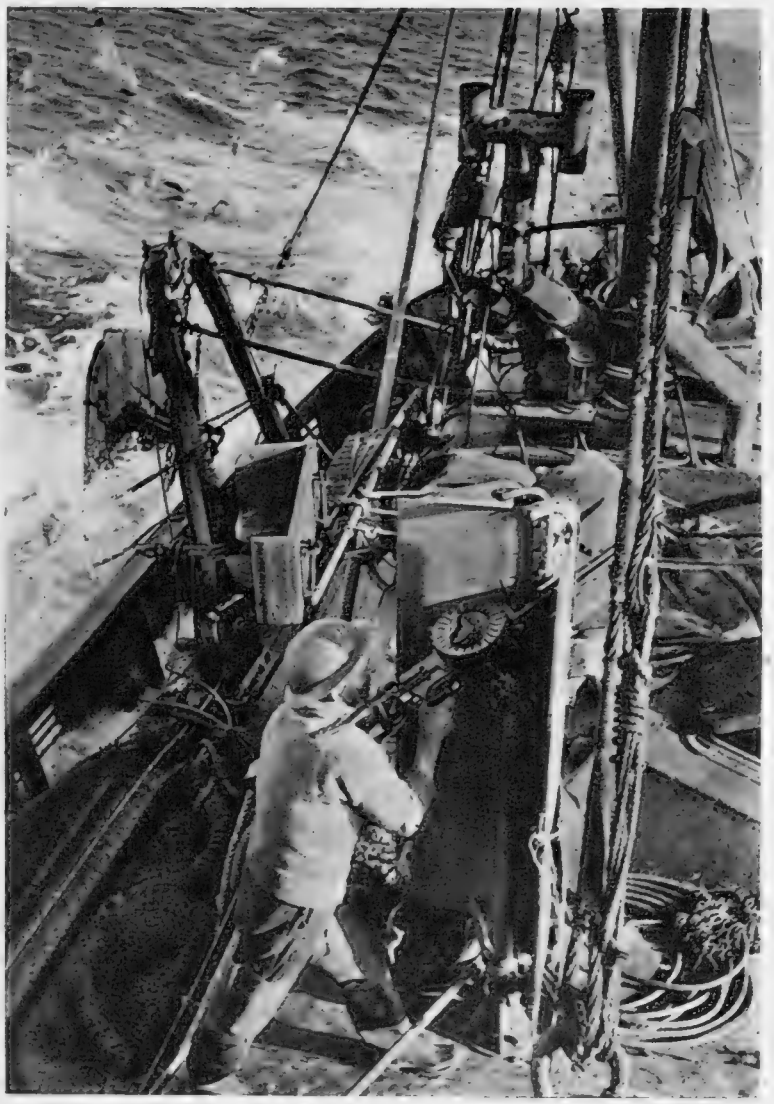
The plane swerved and again two bombs fell wide. By this time the 12-pounder of the little ship was putting in some "useful work." Again the plane came in—less shy than some of her fellows of recent days—but the combined firing of the 12-pounder and the machine-guns made her swerve again. She lost height, and with smoke pouring from her tail, she crashed into the sea.

I know the second mate of a 2,000-tonner who was always pleading for an anti-aircraft gun of his own. His ship returned to port ten weeks after getting his wish. The captain reported. "Second mate," he said, "has shot down a Jerry plane." Asked for further details the second mate said: "It was like this. The Jerry came in from astern, and I was on the lower bridge, my gun projecting through the steps of the ladder. The bomber was coming straight for me, so I filled the sights and let him have it, scoring hits on the nose of the plane. The Jerry turned and came back. I had altered my position by then, so I gave him another burst, registering hits this time under the plane.

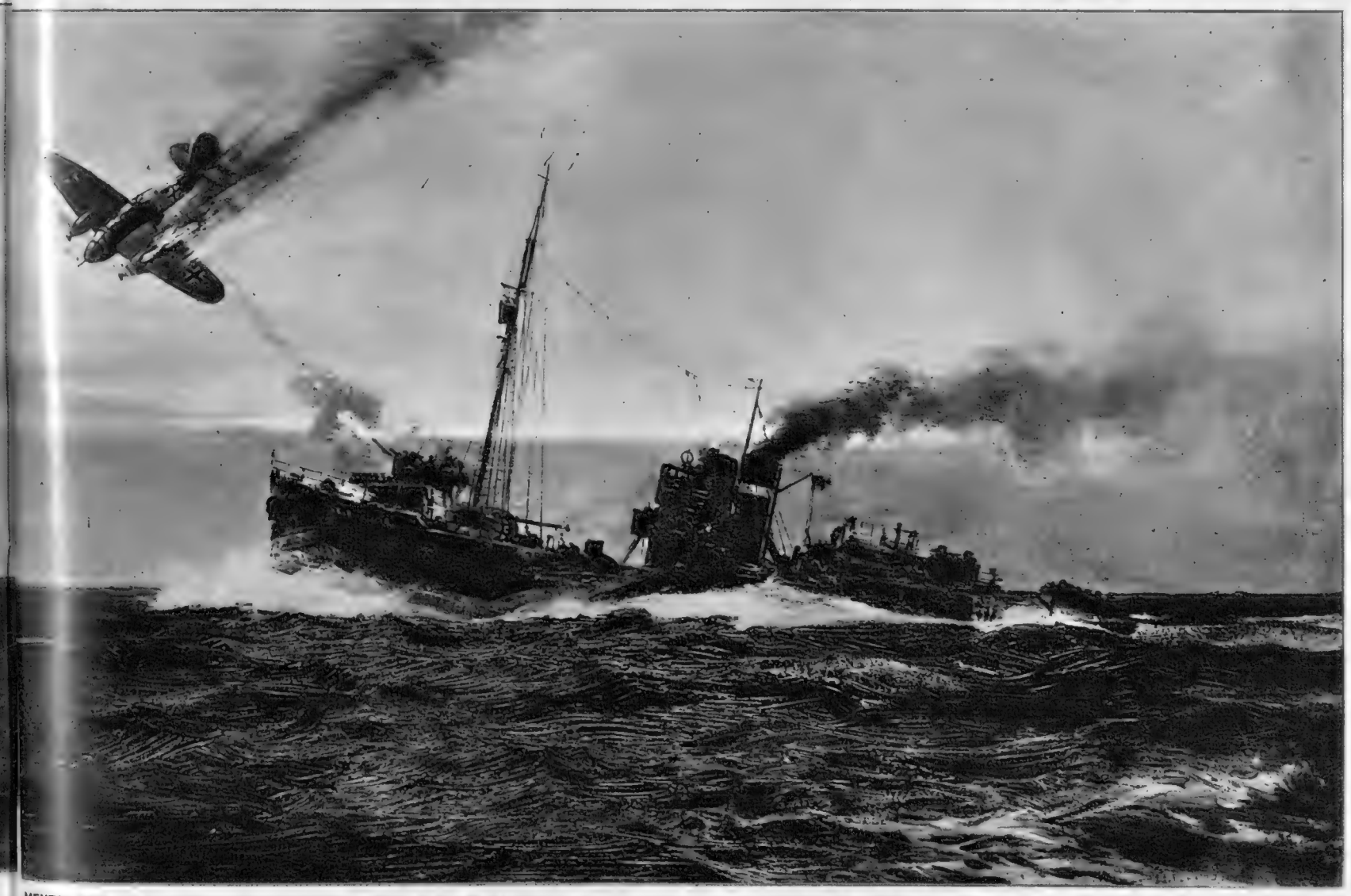
"He turned, swerved off and came in again, but I'd changed my position again and was ready for him. I got him good and proper. He nose-dived into the sea. I think I shot the pilot. My machine-gun is a lovely job. I was proud to have her."

There is rivalry to get at the guns in the small ships, whether they sail under the White Ensign or the Red Duster. The smaller the ship, the smaller the crew and the greater the rivalry.

The significance of the Navy's sharp-shooters is that they have proved that the odds against hitting an aircraft from sea-level are not so great as some people used to think. Anti-aircraft gunfire is not foolproof afloat any more than it is ashore. But sufficient successes have been scored to make the German and Italian airmen cautious as they approach even the smallest ships.



The scene on the deck of a trawler just after a Nazi plane had been sighted. Despite the litter on deck, the vessel is shipshape, and every man is on the alert. The gunner in this case was the mate of the trawler



MENTS **BETWEEN THE "LITTLE SHIPS" AND ENEMY AIRCRAFT. One of the armed trawlers of the Royal Navy, on patrol off the south-west coast, shoots down a** guns. The trawler would be a vessel of around 500 tons: a great number of them have been taken from their normal peacetime duties and are now engaged patrol work, and other tasks. The number of enemy aircraft which they have destroyed around the coasts of Britain now runs into hundreds. If the cost of the is put at £15,000, the loss to the enemy must far exceed our losses in little ships through bombing!—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

NEWS PICTURES of WAR ACTIVITIES

POWER-OPERATED GUN-TURRETS FOR THE NAVY: Some ships have recently been fitted with Boulton and Paul gun-turrets similar to those installed in our bombing aircraft: already they have proved successful in bringing down attacking enemy planes at sea. The ship's turrets have been specially modified for the new uses to which they are being put. One of them is here receiving its finishing touches from a woman war-worker before despatch to a port for installing on a naval vessel

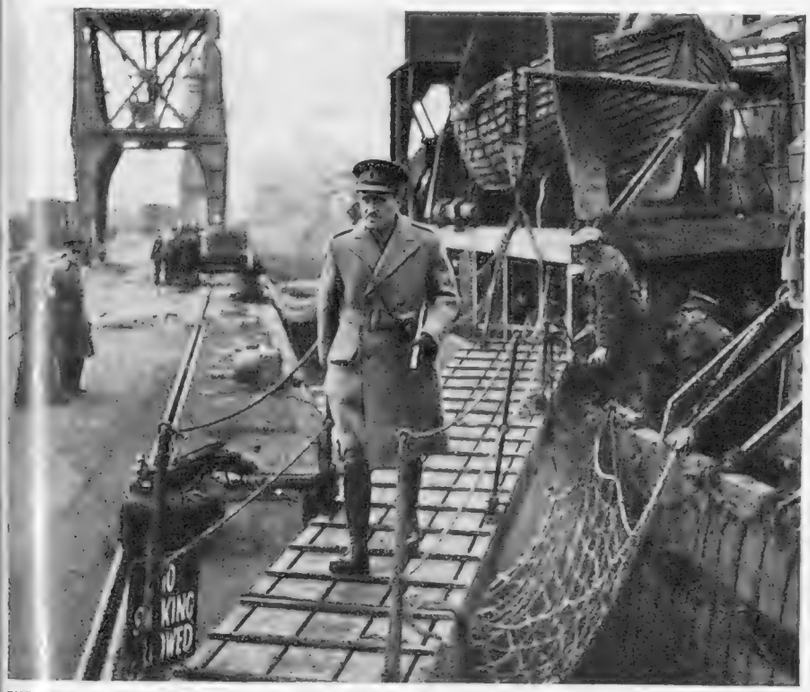
FIELD-MARSHAL SMUTS OVER THE DESERT BATTLEFIELD. En route to South Africa from London, the Field-Marshal paid another visit to the Middle East and visited South African forces in the field. This picture was taken in the Lockheed Hudson aircraft in which he carried out his inspection

A NEW PICTURE OF THE GOVERNOR OF GIBRALTAR AND HIS STAFF. From left to right are—Major R. M. Shephard Capurro, O.B.E., Lieut.-General Mason MacFarlane (Governor) and Commander C. Brown, D.S.O. Behind are—Major J. K. Quayle, R.A., Squadron Leader A. K. Gatward, D.F.C., and Captain D. C. Woodford

THIS IS "COBBER," BETTER KNOWN AS "SCRUFFY": He is the mascot of an R.A.F. wing who are now operating the new Spitfire. With him is a sergeant-pilot to whom "Cobber" is much attached

A HOSPITAL IN WALES FOR DAMAGED AEROPLANE ENGINES: Workmen breaking up engines from crashed aircraft to salvage components for reconditioning: Aero engines which have done the required number of flying hours, or been damaged in crashes, are sent to a depot of the British Overseas Airways Corporation in South Wales. Here they are broken up, and undamaged components are salvaged and built up again into reconditioned engines. This work is done by men and women from the scattered villages surrounding the depot: others do part-time work as far as their home duties allow. Very few of these workers have had previous experience of engineering work: they are given a brief course of instruction at a Board of Trade Training Centre and then put on to dismantling and, later, assembling. All the reconditioned parts are tested individually, and then as an assembled unit, before being built up into a complete engine. It is necessary to work to 1-10,000th part of an inch in order to maintain the high standard required

THE PRIME MINISTER WATCHES THE LATEST INFANTRY TRAINING: Mr. Churchill recently visited a School for Infantry in the North, where he saw demonstrated the latest British methods of training. He was accompanied by Mrs. Churchill, his newly-promoted youngest daughter (now in the A.T.S.), the C.-in-C. Home Forces (General Sir Bernard Paget), Sir Archibald Sinclair, Mr. Ernest Bevin and Senior Army officers. This picture was taken as the Prime Minister inspected some of the troops in their protective camouflage clothing



THE C.-IN-C. HOME FORCES VISITS THE TROOPS IN SCOTLAND: General Sir Bernard Paget walking down the gangway of a supply ship after watching stores for the troops being unloaded. This picture was taken during his three-day visit, when camps and ports were inspected by the C.-in-C.

SHIPWRECKED BRITISH SEAMEN SAVED BY AN S O S IN THE SAND: Giving a helping hand to one of the survivors about to climb up the rescuing trawler's side: An S O S message traced in sand has just saved the lives of a party of British seamen. After their ship had been torpedoed, they had spent twelve days in open boats before running ashore on a desolate part of the African coast. They were found by natives, who treated them hospitably. Meanwhile, the seamen had traced a large S O S in the sand. This signal was spotted by a reconnaissance aircraft, which duly reported to the nearest naval base. A trawler was sent out, the castaways were transferred to the ship in native canoes, and all are now on their way back to Britain to man another ship

CANADIAN SIGNALLERS ERECTING TELEPHONE WIRES IN RURAL ENGLAND: This picture indicates the high standard of efficiency attained by the Royal Corps of Canadian Signallers now in this country. The erection of telegraph poles and the fixing of wires is done with amazing speed. A lorry carries the coils of wire in advance of the working party, and Signallers walk behind paying the wire out for fixing to the quickly-erected telephone poles

ON THE WAY BACK TO FREETOWN, the trawler made contact with a U-boat and attacked it. The rescued merchantmen lent a willing hand and prepared the ship's boat for lowering

WHAT of the LAWYERS and BARRISTERS?

A Description of the Part Being Played by the Legal Profession

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE demands of the Minister of Labour on the various trades and professions in this country are felt more keenly by the law than perhaps by any other section of the community. To begin with, there are over 10,000 lawyers in the armed forces of the Crown. (I have no idea of the number of barristers in peacetime, but I believe that there were only 18,000 practising solicitors in 1939. I have already in a previous article referred to the great assistance they are giving in the way of free legal advice to the troops.) In addition to this, the ranks of the lawyers have been heavily raided by the Ministry of Economic Warfare, by the Trading with the Enemy Department of the Board of Trade, by the Treasury, by the Ministry of Aircraft Production, by, in fact, all the Ministries, and also all the Defence Tribunals.

The state of the Bar is extraordinary. Sir Walter Monckton, K.C., is back. Other leaders available are Sir Patrick Hastings and Mr. Gilbert Beyfus. But otherwise the selection of K.C.s is distinctly limited, and there are very few good Juniors left. So, though the Temple was so heavily damaged in the raids of last year, there is still any amount of room for the remaining barristers.

As for the staffs of solicitors, they have been cut to the bone. So many specialists have been taken away that, in the case of one firm, which employed thirty people in peacetime, the litigation department now consists of one old gentleman of seventy-nine, who is, however, most efficient. Numbers of old clerks and solicitors have come back to work, but in many cases solicitors are unable to send out bills for months at a time, because they have no costing clerks. It is true that there are fewer running-down cases than in peacetime, and that, with petrol restrictions, there will be still fewer, but the blackout will help to keep alive this type of legal business.

Compared with the last war, there is not so much passing of dud cheques, although there is a good deal of it. On the other hand, there is any amount of litigation as a result of wartime crimes; and the severity of prosecutions for the improper use of petrol, or transgression of the numberless regulations of the Ministry of Food, make it necessary for solicitors to take the greatest pains to protect their clients.

The Excess Profits Tax is another factor in making the average solicitor's life a burden to him. There is, too, an enormous number of probates. Civilians killed in the "blitz"; old people who die earlier than they would otherwise have done owing to the strain of living and the inability to find sunshine in warmer climes during the winter; officers killed in action, all combine to increase this aspect of the law. Nor have things been made easier by the continued absence of the Probate and Inland Revenue Department in Llandudno. It must be a great relief to solicitors to know that they are back again in London. The delays in correspondence, and long-distance telephone calls were becoming unbearable.

Death duties themselves are so colossal as to be almost ludicrous, and solicitors, when winding up an estate, have to go to endless trouble with the Inland Revenue to make sure that there are not more liabilities than assets even in quite large estates.

War always increases the number of marriages. This, in turn, leads to an increase in the number of wills which are made. At least, however, solicitors find that they have less work to do in connection with marriage settlements, which are now becoming pretty rare. Libel cases are fewer than in peacetime, and slander cases are negligible. Against this, however, the amount of lawyering which has to be done in connection with possible dollar offences is very considerable. The crushing character of the fines, when imposed, demands the greatest possible attention from the solicitors on behalf of their clients. Incidentally, the close association of censorship with currency gives further work to solicitors. No wonder that lawyers are much less litigiously-minded than in 1939. They simply do not have the time or the staff to go into court, except when it is absolutely necessary. They prefer to settle issues by arbitration, even if they become unpopular with clients who hold strong views about their rights.

There are, of course, practically no articled clerks or Bar students. And it is to be hoped that those now in the Forces will receive sympathetic treatment for qualifying—provided always that a high standard is still demanded.

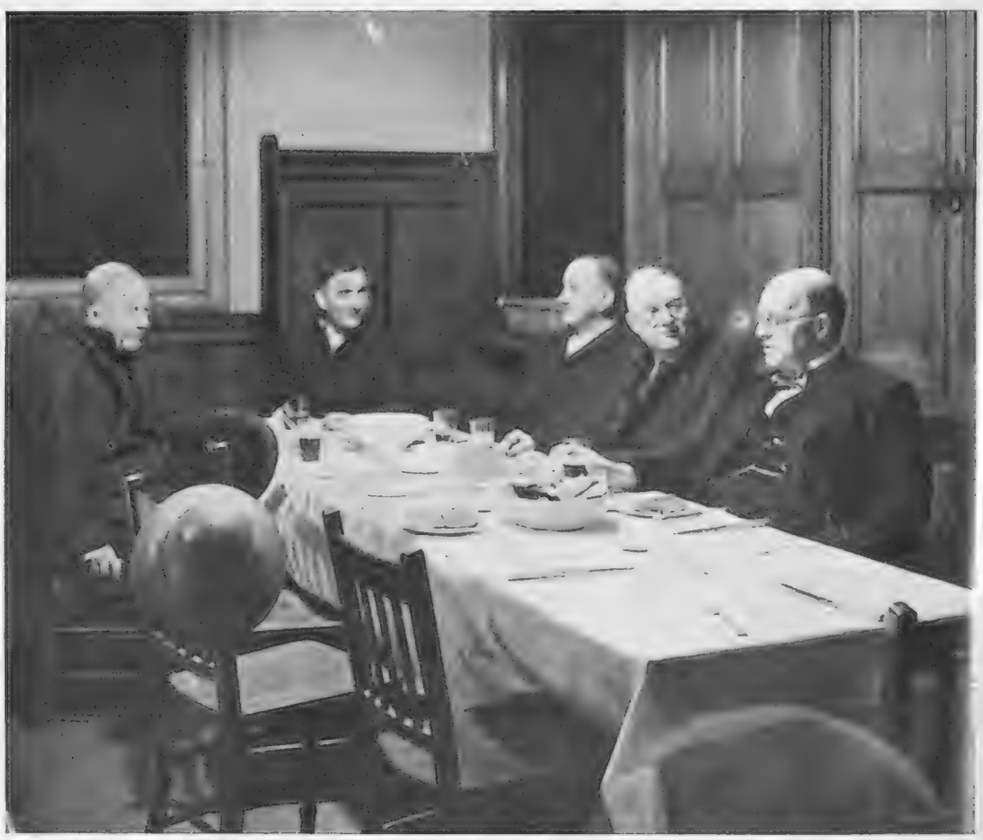
After the last war, members of the legal profession were demobilised at an early stage. One can only presume that they will be demobilised still earlier after this war. So much will have to be determined in regard to financial interest in damaged property and compensation of every kind. The requisitioning of anything from cargo vessels to private houses will lead to endless litigation. Then, what about divorce? As it is, there is a tremendous increase in divorce caused by the breaking-up of family life. In thousands of cases, young couples who cannot at present be divorced because their marriage is less than three years old, will be thronging the offices of solicitors.

In 1919, commercial litigation, Admiralty work, as well as a number of high society cases, involved an enormous amount of work; but in the last war the comb-out of the legal profession was as nothing compared with this.

I have said nothing so far about courts-martial. There are no available figures to show whether these are more or less than in the last war. The fact remains that there are many based on petrol offences, which could not have occurred between 1914 and 1918. I make a special point of this, because our overworked lawyers bear an increased strain during these military trials. A court-martial will sit from 10 a.m. to 6.30 p.m., or even later, day after day—often in distant towns. The strain of travelling all night in a train, without a sleeper, and then sitting for hour after hour and day after day at the court-martial itself, is enough to weary the most conscientious solicitor.

And now for one or two items. The Bench has been strengthened by the appointments of Mr. Justice Pilcher and Mr. Justice Birkett; the burden on solicitors has been increased out of all proportion by the loss of papers during the "blitz" in various parts of the country, and also by the dispersal of so many firms; the taxation of bills is becoming a more difficult problem every day; and those solicitors who have undertaken to carry on the practices of their younger colleagues in their absence with the armed forces of the Crown find the double strain almost intolerable.

P.S.—Those barristers with big names who have given up practices worth £20,000 a year or so, for a job in one of the Ministries, need not be regarded with too much sympathy. Super-tax being what it is, they were left with little over £3,000 a year, and so the drop in their income is not very much. And it is impossible to believe that they could possibly work so hard in a Government office as they did at the Bar.



FIRE-WATCHING IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: Supper in the canteen—Mr. C. Craig ("Times" Lobby correspondent); Engineers F. Everett and R. Davies; Mr. A. Baker ("Times" Parliamentary correspondent); and Mr. D. N. Pritt, K.C., M.P.: Fire-watching in the House presents somewhat special problems. The building has five miles of corridors, over one thousand rooms, a hundred staircases, and six or seven acres of roof (parts of which are as steep as Swiss mountain slopes). Lords and Members of Parliament, Press correspondents and officials, are all members of the various fire-watching teams

A NIGHT'S FIRE-WATCH BEGINS: From the roof of the Bishop's Corridor teams are sent out. Fireguards are drawn from all departments of both Houses of Parliament

TWO FAMOUS HOUSES FOR THE NATION

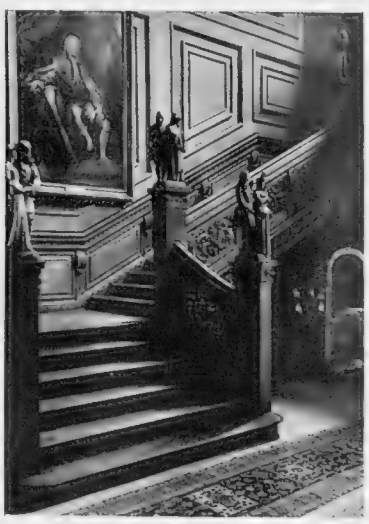
Cliveden, in Buckinghamshire, and Lavenham Little Hall, in Suffolk

The great mansion and estate at Cliveden, on the River Thames, is to be handed over to the National Trust by Lord Astor. His gift includes the monetary endowment for the upkeep of the house; and he is also giving many of the furnishings and some fine paintings by Lely and other masters. Cliveden stands commandingly above the river: from the house and its terrace, 400 ft. long, the view makes a splendid picture. The present house was built in 1850-51: it is the third on the site. The original house was destroyed by fire in 1795: a new house, built about 1830, was bought in 1849 by the Duke of Sutherland. Six months later that, too, was burned down. Sir Charles Barry was at once commissioned to rebuild Cliveden: the bold Latin inscription (composed by Mr. Gladstone, a frequent guest) which runs round the frieze of the house records its vicissitudes.

The Little Hall at Lavenham, in Suffolk, is being left by Colonel T. G. Gayer-Anderson and Major R. G. Gayer-Anderson to the Surrey County Council, to serve as a hostel for young artists and students. The house, which contains two studios, will be left fully furnished and equipped as it now stands, while the two brothers are providing £3,000, the interest on which will go towards maintenance and upkeep. Lavenham, with its exquisite church and ancient Guild and Wool Halls, is known as one of the most unspoiled and beautiful villages in England.

LORD ASTOR'S GIFT TO THE NATIONAL TRUST—The great mansion at Cliveden, built in 1850-51 as the third house on the present site. It was commissioned by the Duke of Sutherland and built by Sir Charles Barry, architect of the Houses of Parliament

A CORNER OF THE HOUSE AT CLIVEDEN, showing tapestries which hung in the original house and an elaborate fireplace from the Spitzer collection. Many of the furnishings and pictures are included in the gift



THE MAIN STAIRCASE AT CLIVEDEN. In addition to the great reception rooms, there are no fewer than 46 bedrooms in the mansion

PART OF THE UPPER MAIN HALL in Little Hall, Lavenham—the beautiful early fifteenth-century house which will eventually become a hostel for young artists and students

A WONDERFUL AND BEAUTIFULLY PRESERVED EXAMPLE OF THE DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE OF THE EARLY FIFTEENTH CENTURY. Little Hall, in the Suffolk village of Lavenham, which fronts on the main road. It is eventually to pass into the possession of the Surrey County Council

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

A MIXED BAG OF GOOD READING

Shaw and Posterity; Quentin Reynolds versus Neutrality; An Admirable Translation of a Topical French Book; Hugh McGraw's Small-Town Boys

THE publishers say of Mr. Hesketh Pearson's BERNARD SHAW (Collins. 21s.): "This biography will be the standard life of our greatest living writer for many years to come"—a sentence balanced with ambiguities, and therefore apposite to the subject of the biography.

The hint that the hungry generations to come may find someone else to attempt a standard life may stimulate us to a little healthy defiance. Of a certainty, posterity will have a shot at it, and in the ensuing volumes the critical high-lights may be more sharply defined. There will be other biographies of Shaw, but there will never be another book quite like this

A SAILORS' ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN VISITS HIS NAVAL BASE "PARISH": A picture taken on Armistice Sunday, 1942, in Admiral Jellicoe's cabin on board the old battleship "Iron Duke"—The Rev. J. J. Bevan holds Requiem Mass for those who died in the last war

The Rev. J. J. Bevan is the R.N. Roman Catholic Chaplain at a large Naval base, and he ministers to a large and scattered "parish." Besides sailors and marines from every type of warship, his parishioners include men from Fleet auxiliaries, merchant ships, hospital ships and drifters, as well as soldiers, airmen, dockyard workmen and N.A.A.F.I. personnel

"The book is unique," they go on to say, "because Shaw himself has given every possible help to his biographer." Every possible help, indeed! It is sometimes difficult to discern whether it is Shaw or Hesketh Pearson who is in the role of helper. Not for nothing has the helpmeet been summed up as "an incurably restless busybody."

George Bernard Shaw has teased, insulted, lectured, cajoled, exploited and generally made himself a nuisance to the English for so long that it is small wonder that they have made a pet of him.

In most of the arts, as another witty Irishman, George Moore, once said, "They must have a grand old man." Whether he likes it or not, Shaw for them, at this moment, is It; though there are many members of this "non-adult nation" (which is Shaw's own description) who may prefer Hesketh Pearson's transcription, and call him "a grand old boy."

It is seldom that it can be said with assurance that a book will live as long as books do live. No one, therefore, should be tempted to neglect this unique publication, and certainly no considerations of paper shortage should be allowed to make it unavailable at this or at any other time.

The little band of newspapermen who lived among us during the dark days of 1940 and 1941, who "took it" with us, and who did so much to interpret to the rest of the world the unflinching spirit of Britain, must have a very special place in our affections. Of these, none is better known, or more popular, than Mr. Quentin Reynolds, whose Sunday night postscript, addressed to Mr. Schickelgruber, will remain green in the memory whenever stories of this war are told. We shall also remember his vigorous hand in that remarkable film, *London Can Take It*, and certainly Fleet Street is hardly likely to forget his Falstaffian laugh.

ONLY THE STARS ARE NEUTRAL (Cassell. 8s. 6d.) carries on the story of his war experiences which began with *The Wounded Don't Cry*. This volume opens in the spring of 1941, and with a justifiable amount of bucking about an exclusive interview with the Prime Minister. In the course of it, he tells a good story about Mrs. Churchill, who said, on first meeting him, "Now at last I'll hear the truth about Hess."

"Helen and I choked on our soup. 'I really think,' I assured Mrs. Churchill solemnly, 'that the Prime Minister knows more about the Hess case than we do.'

"'Oh, he never tells me anything,' she pouted."

In the Churchill interview, we see the Prime Minister at work, on a tour of inspection, being badgered to go to the movies by his daughter, Mary, and in many varying moods. It is first-rate reporting. Of him, Mr. Quentin Reynolds says: "Winston Churchill has kept a nation of 44,000,000 in fighting mood now for more than two years. Churchill, who is called 'Winston' by three-quarters of Britain, is worshipped in every Army encampment, in every R.A.F. mess, in every ward-room of his Majesty's Navy, and in every pub in Britain."

Significantly, the next chapter is called "When Britain Won the War." Mr. Reynolds was in Plymouth, and saw what was perhaps the most concentrated and devastating series of raids of the war. But he also saw how the people of Plymouth took it. "Three thousand people danced and sang until it grew dark. They knew that the raider would be over later, but this was their way of telling him to do his worst."

Then followed May 10, the famous "Saturday night," with the reproduction in picturesque cablese of his own impressions. On the following day he writes: "I sensed a new and intensified hatred of Germany in the people of London. That hatred has lasted. It is as true to-day as it was on that Sunday morning. The steel had entered the soul of Britain."

Then Russia came into the war, and along he goes to Moscow, not without a certain amount of passport trouble, and a hair-raising aeroplane trip. In Moscow he stayed until the Germans were actually at the gates.

From there he goes to Teheran with Sir Walter Monckton, and thence to Libya, with the determination to "make New York by Christmas." He made it. He turns up in Halifax, a bit late, on January 18, 1942. Pearl Harbour was a long way off, but still he could write: "No one can be neutral—except the stars. Only the stars are neutral."

I would like to call attention to ONE ENEMY ALONE—THE INVADER, by Paul Simon (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.), which has been reviewed on this page in the original French under the title, *Un Seul Ennemi—L'Envahisseur*. Mr. Paul Simon was the editor of the French underground paper, *Valmy*, through which he conducted unremitting warfare against the Germans from the earliest days of the German occupation of France. The book is admirably translated by Mr. W. G. Corp.

When Mr. Hugh P. McGraw calls his new novel THE LADS OF THE VILLAGE (Joseph. 8s. 6d.), he has no intention of being misleading, but is expressing exactly the book's theme. For it is precisely of the lads of the village, that motor-bicycle-riding, Palais-de-Danse-haunting, 'teen-aged coterie that he is writing.

He is an excellent reporter of the lives of those people who would be suburban-minded even if they lived on Skiddaw, and that means that he has a pretty extensive field for his observations.

The group of young worthies chosen by Mr. McGraw for sympathetic analysis live in a small town of no particular pretensions, and having as focal points for the purposes of the story an electrical engineering works, a small athletic club, one or two cinemas, and a passable view from one of its hills. The post-war period in which it is set is best indicated by the passionate interest of most of the characters in ballroom dancing (was there *ever* a time like that?) and the blessed absence of loud-speaking radio sets.

I enjoyed the freshness and sympathy of Mr. McGraw's writing, and the complete lack of condescension to his subject. He is a writer of considerable talent and one who might tackle a far more significant theme with equal aptitude.

The Rev. J. J. Bevan, R.N., packs up his books and Altar plate, which he carries with him from ship to ship

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"They rode together . . ."

★ *A cyclist, A, leaves Cambridge for St. Neots at 10 a.m. and rides at a uniform pace until he reaches St. Neots. At 10.4 another cyclist, B, starts in pursuit of A and overtakes him at 10.20 a.m. when they ride together for 2 miles. After this B resumes his original speed and reaches St. Neots at 11.2 a.m.; A arrives 8 minutes later. Find the distance from Cambridge to St. Neots.*

From an old Algebra Book.

Even an algebraical poser can date itself. And what a delightful picture this one conjures up. We seem to live again in those palmy days of Meerschaum pipes, deerstalker hats, and Norfolk jackets, and surely it was a sunny, summer day when these two delightful old-fashioned gentlemen "rode together for two miles." Partridges dusted themselves on the neighbouring stubble, the maidens of Cherry Hinton were as pretty as the name, and at St. Neots a welcoming glass of cool brown ale awaited the travellers.

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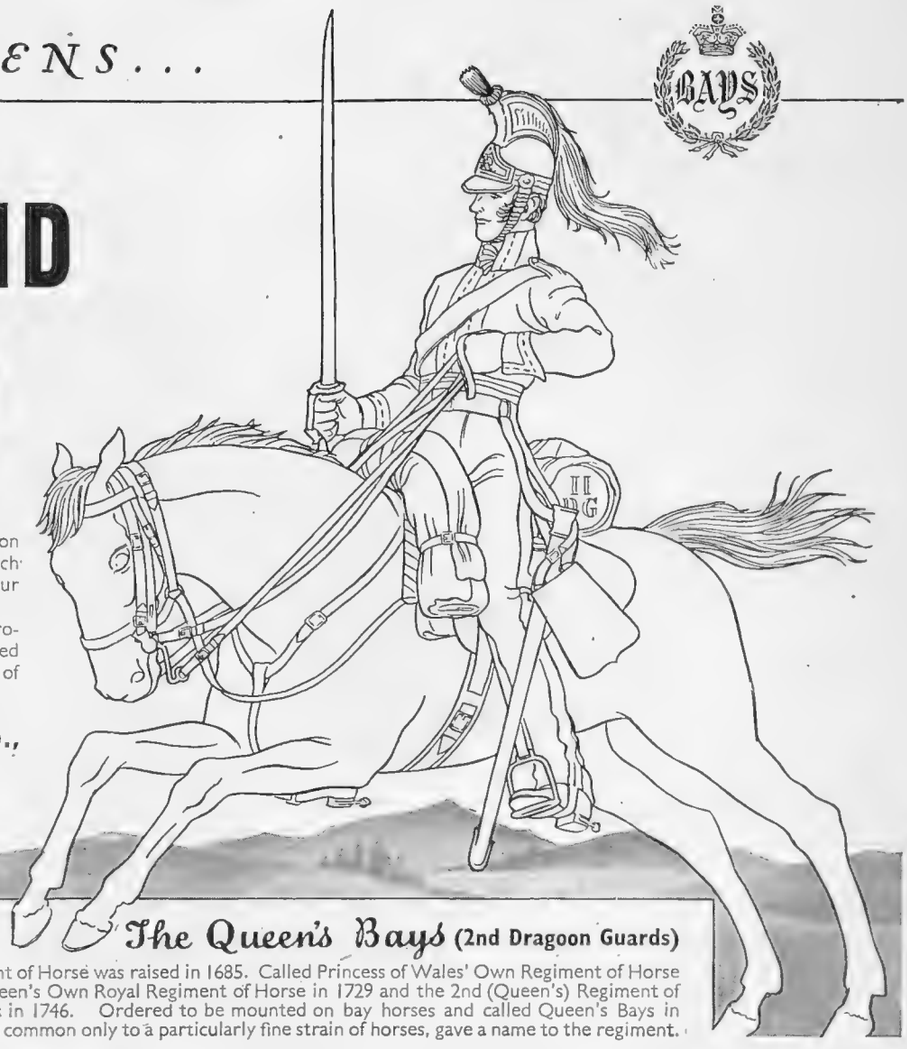

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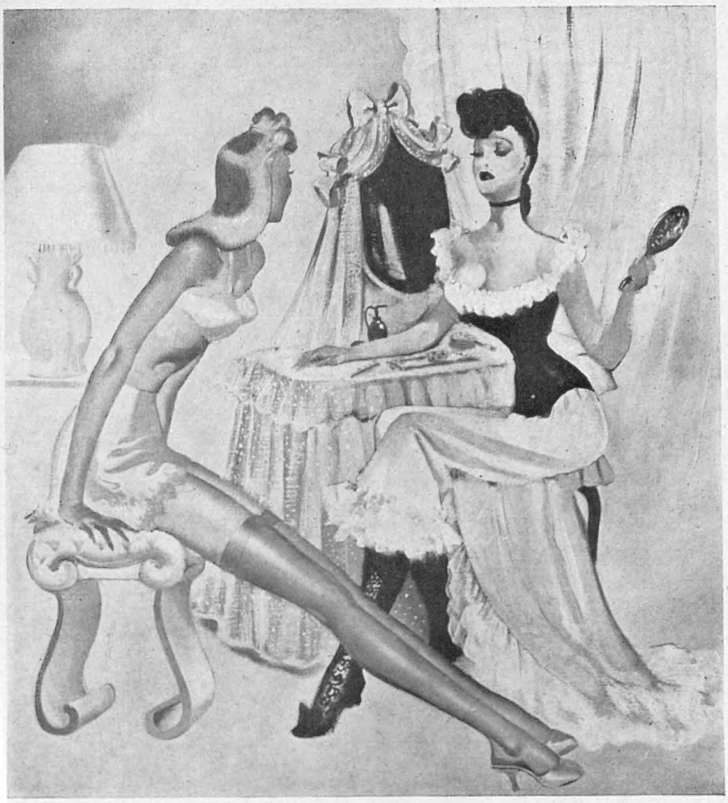
CONVERSATION PIECE



PAM, 1942, obviously finds a bedroom conversation with Miss Clara, 1892, no easy matter. The difference in their outlooks is reflected in their underclothes. Look at them. No longer ago than our mothers' day these were made from vegetable fibres (cotton and linen) or animal, that is protein, fibres (wool and silk). About 1850 chemical research began to examine how it might improve on these natural fibres. Cotton was cheap but harsh. A British chemist, John Mercer, devised the process of mercerising which greatly improved its softness and appearance, though without approaching the softness and beauty of silk. Yet silk was far too costly for the average woman. Accordingly the chemist set out to build new silk-like fabrics. He began with vegetable fibres, treating cellulose from wood pulp to give the "artificial silks" now generally known as rayon. But as Nature had made the cellulose, the chemist in building up these fabrics only entered at the half-way stage. During the last ten years he has shown his ability to start at rock bottom. In the discovery of nylon, the chemical industry has proved its ability to create its own raw material and to produce a fibre that is an improvement on natural silk. At the moment nylon is playing its part in the national effort, and will not be available to the public until the war is over. Whereas Miss Clara's underclothes were grown on a cotton plantation or the back of a sheep, Pam's "scanties" are discovered in the laboratory and produced in the chemical factory. The modern girl has good reason to be grateful to the chemist who has brought soft and beautiful fabrics within the reach of all.

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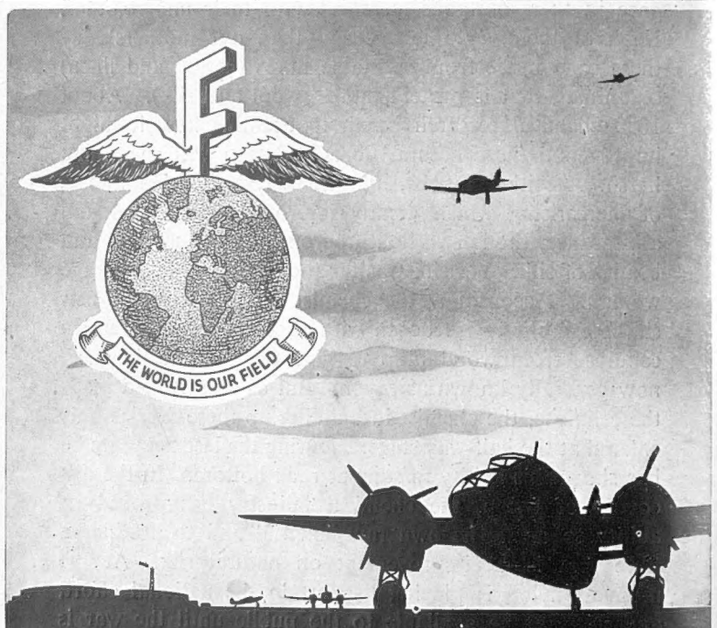

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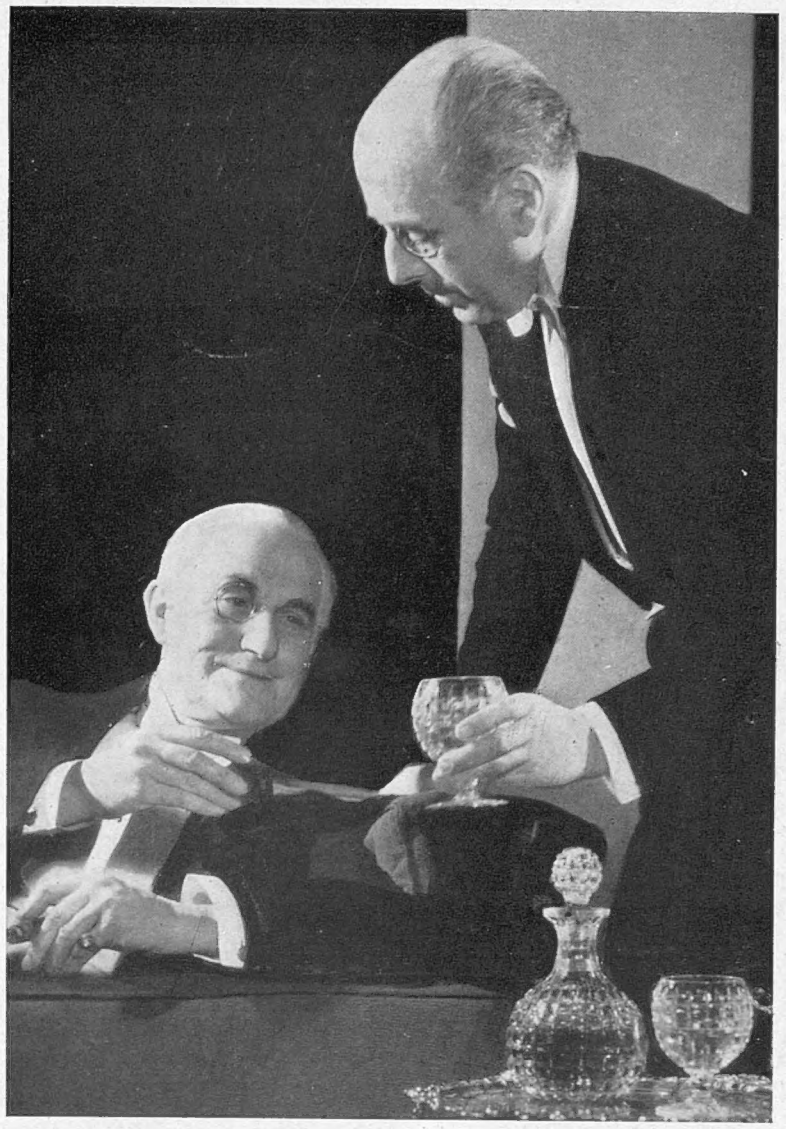

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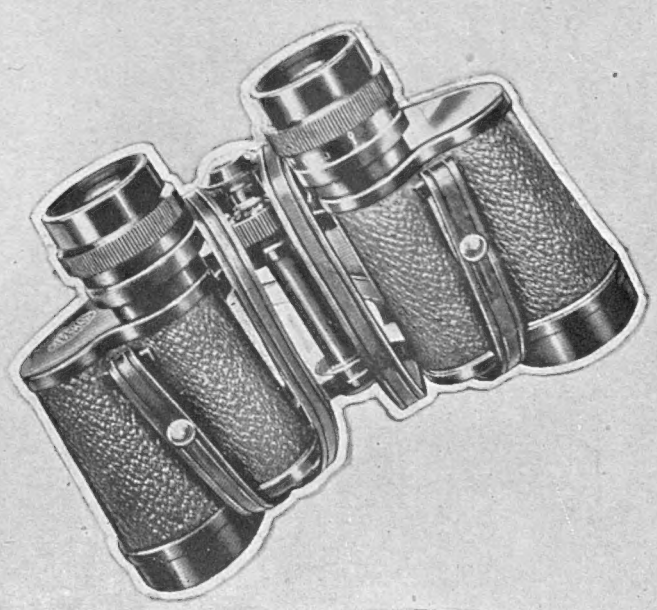

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